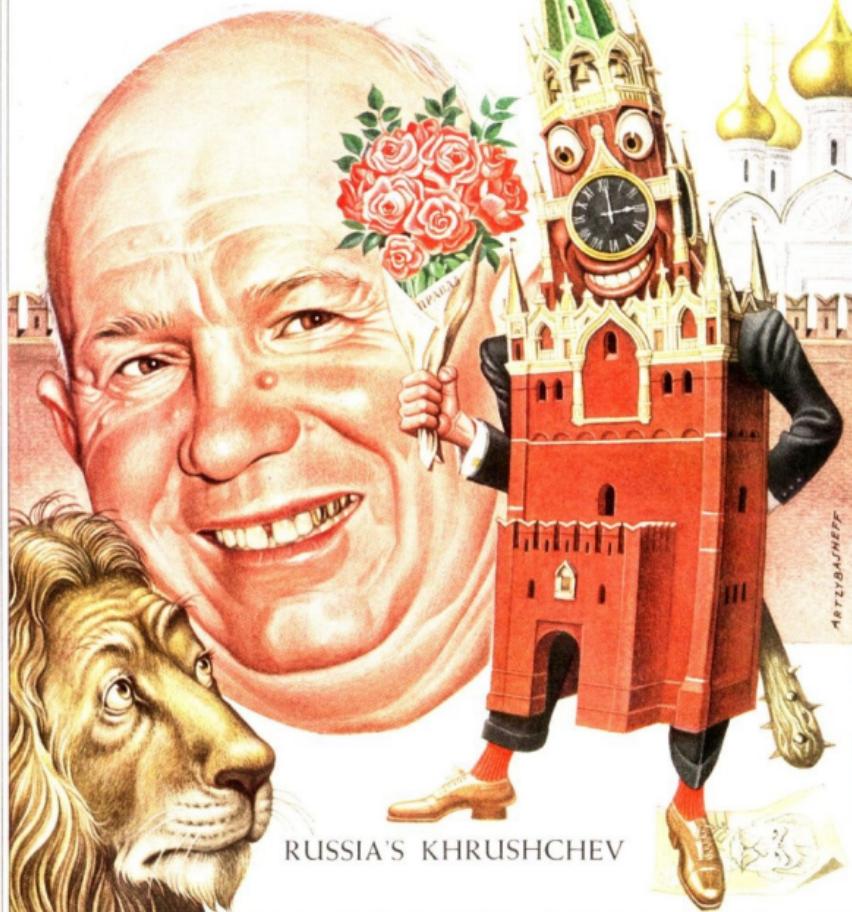


TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 30, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



RUSSIA'S KRUSHCHEV



275-hp. Golden Hawk—most power-per-pound of any American car!

Sports car fun . . .



Room for 5—and there's a full-sized trunk!

for the practical family!

Sweet and swift, safe and snug . . . that's a Hawk! Here's all the excitement of real sports car styling, real sports car performance *plus* luxurious, easy-riding interiors that seat five in comfort! Choose from four different Hawks . . . four power choices—all the way up to 275 hp. Now you can have your sports car fun—and share it with family and friends. See and drive the Hawks at your Studebaker Dealer's today!

Tune in "TV Reader's Digest" every week.

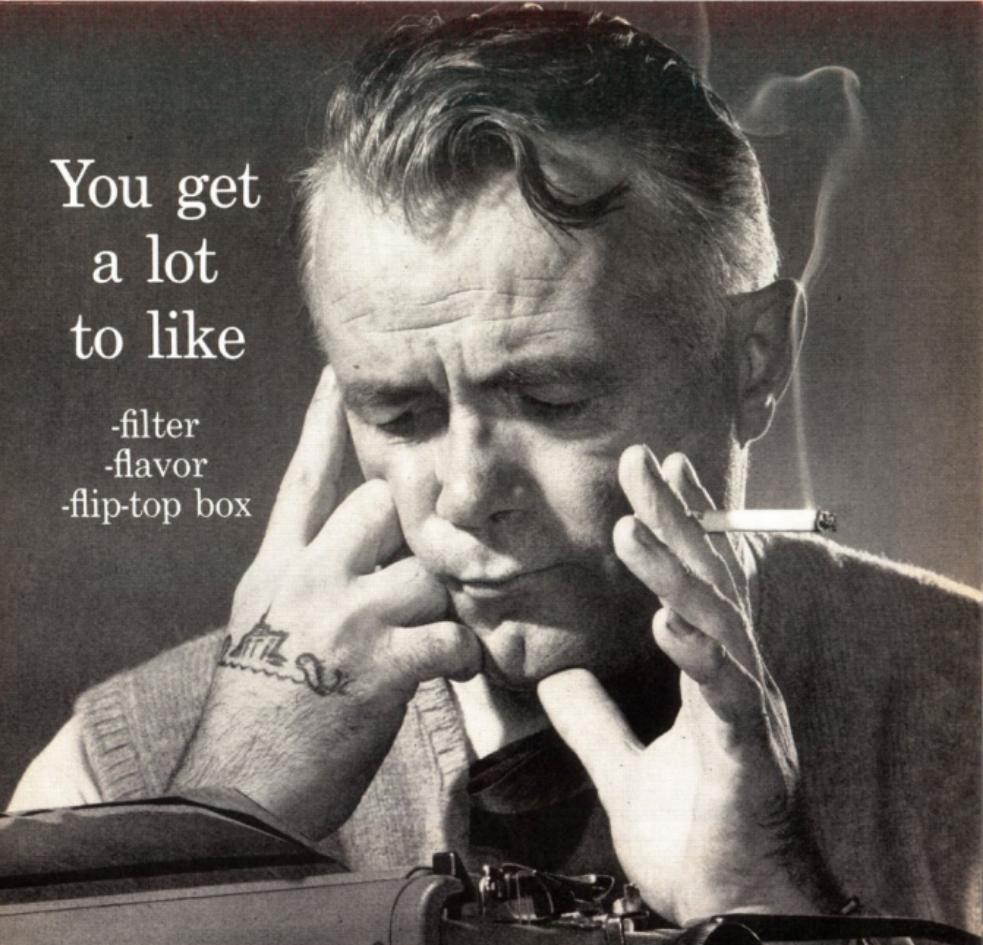
Studebaker *Hawks*

GOLDEN HAWK
SKY HAWK
POWER HAWK
FLIGHT HAWK

Studebaker Division, Studebaker-Packard Corporation—Where pride of workmanship still comes first!

You get
a lot
to like

-filter
-flavor
-flip-top box



Marlboro

THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX



NEW
FLIP-TOP BOX

Firm to keep
cigarettes from
crushing.
No tobacco in
your pocket.

You get the man-size flavor of honest tobacco without huffing and puffing. This filter works good and draws easy. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette in good shape. You'd expect it to cost more, but it doesn't.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)



Salute to America's global "keepers of the peace"!



At this very moment, miles above the earth, dedicated crews of the Strategic Air Command are boring through silent space on precision, combat-ready training missions. Some are high over a polar icecap, or far out over the oceans. Other SAC crews, and their jet bombers, are poised on American and overseas bases, ready for instant action.

At any moment, day or night, SAC's training operations can be changed into combat operations, unleashing mighty retaliatory nuclear strikes against the war-making power of any aggressor, anywhere.

As the potential wielder of this mas-

sive force, Strategic Air Command has, since its founding ten years ago, functioned as the free world's "keeper of the peace."

To maintain this great force on the keenest edge of readiness, SAC crews—ground and flight—operate around the clock on a combat alert basis. Flights and missions follow split-second timetables. Entire wings, accompanied by aerial freighters and tankers, are rotated in regular training operations to bases in England and North Africa.

Last year, Strategic Air Command's keepers of the peace flew over 100,000 individual missions, totaling more

than 1,000,000 hours of flying time.

On this 10th anniversary of the founding of SAC, the men and women of Boeing join a grateful nation in saluting the men of the Strategic Air Command. Boeing is proud that, over the decade, it has been privileged to work as a partner, designing and building SAC's tankers and bombardment aircraft. The Strategic Air Command's Boeings range from its first B-29s and B-50s to today's rugged KC-97 tankers, swift six-jet B-47 medium bombers, the eight-jet B-52 intercontinental bombers and the KC-135 jet tanker-transport now under construction.

BOEING

Checked your weight lately?

MEN*

Fully clothed,
1 inch heels



HEIGHT

	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"	6'	6'1"	6'2"	6'3"
Small Frame	119-128	122-132	126-136	129-139	133-143	136-147	140-151	144-155	148-159	152-164	157-169	163-175	168-180
Medium Frame	127-136	130-140	134-144	137-147	141-151	145-156	149-160	153-164	157-168	161-173	166-178	171-184	176-189
Large Frame	133-144	137-149	141-153	145-157	149-162	153-166	157-170	161-175	165-180	169-185	174-190	179-196	184-202

WOMEN*

Fully clothed,
2 inch heels



HEIGHT

	4'11"	5'	5'1"	5'2"	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"
Small Frame	104-111	105-113	107-115	110-118	113-121	116-125	119-128	123-132	126-136	129-139	133-143	136-147	139-150
Medium Frame	110-118	112-120	114-122	117-125	120-128	124-132	127-135	130-140	134-144	137-147	141-151	145-155	148-158
Large Frame	117-127	119-129	121-131	124-135	127-138	131-142	133-145	138-150	142-154	145-158	149-162	152-166	155-169

If you are one of the many millions of Americans who've gained unneeded pounds, consider these facts:

1. At ages 20 and over, men and women who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than their "trim" contemporaries.

2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.

3. Studies show that 85 percent of adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.

So, it's evident that excessive poundage burdens more than your two feet. In fact, overweight can impair the function of many vital organs and hence is associated with many life-shortening conditions.

On the other hand, if you reduce . . . and keep your weight down . . . you should increase your chances for long life and good health. You will certainly look and feel better . . . and have greater stamina, too.

Yet, some quick-reducing diets may be almost as bad for your health as the constant stress of overweight. All diets, therefore, should be avoided, unless prescribed by your doctor.

* Desirable weights for men and women of ages 25 and over based on numerous Medico-Actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of men and women.

So, when you plan to reduce, start with a visit to your doctor. He will determine your desirable weight . . . and, most important, he will give you a sound, balanced, varied diet that everyone needs whether reducing or not.

If you are overweight and want to reduce surely and safely, these "do's and don'ts" may help you:

Do say "no" to all high-calorie foods . . . rich desserts, gravies, sausages and social-hour tidbits.

Do exercise moderately to keep in trim and help burn up unneeded calories.

Don't use "reducing drugs" except on your doctor's recommendation.

Don't give a second thought to second helpings . . . no matter how tempting they may be.

Don't expect immediate good news from the scales. One or two pounds a week is a safe, sensible rate of weight loss.

Metropolitan's booklet *Overweight and Underweight* gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus, lists calorie values of 200 foods and offers other suggestions which may help you shorten your beltline and lengthen your lifeline. Mail the coupon below for your free copy.

© 1958 METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life

Insurance Company



CA MUTUAL COMPANY

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet
Overweight and Underweight, 556-1.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

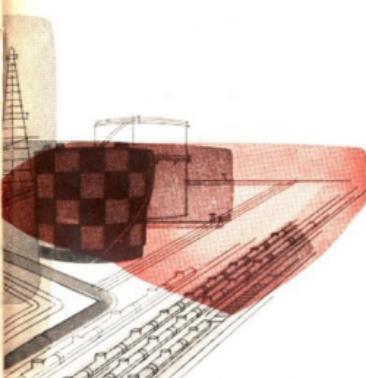


State _____

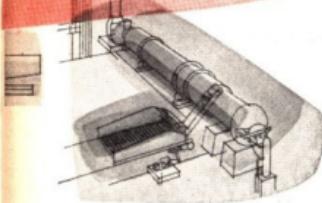
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it pays to plan with GENERAL**

GATX

Kay



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GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION

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Offices in Principal Cities

Write for General American's brochure—
"Services and Products"

Car Operating Division

Over 62,000 freight cars in leased service: GATX tank cars; Air-slide® cars for dry granular materials; GAEX box cars; GARX-URTX refrigerator cars; and 38 repair and maintenance plants throughout the country to service this fleet.

Car Building Division

Designs and builds all types of freight cars. Plants at Sharon, Pa. and East Chicago, Ind. Research laboratories develop new methods and new types of cars for industry.

Tank Storage Terminals

Six strategically-located terminals store any liquid that flows through a pipeline. Completely private storage can be leased as needed. Dock, drumming, blending and packaging facilities available.

Plate and Welding Division

Designers and manufacturers of custom-built welded vessels in steel, alloys, aluminum and other non-ferrous metals. Specialists in plate fabrication. Plants at Sharon, Pa., East Chicago, Ind., Birmingham, Ala., and Orem, Utah.

Field Erection Division

Field erectors of storage tanks, gasholders, petroleum conservation structures, bins, pneumatic conveying equipment, coolers, pre-heaters and process equipment.

Process Equipment Division

Designers and manufacturers of drying, cooling and dewatering equipment; Turbo-Mixers and mixing devices; and other heavy machinery and equipment for the chemical, food, distilling and other process industries.

Fuller Company* (and Suturbult Corporation)

Material handling and process equipment that increases production. Fuller Airlides®, Airveyors®, pumps, compressors, blowers, grey-iron castings, pre-heaters and coolers widely used in the food, feed, chemical, cement and other industries.

Plastics Molding Division

America's first-ranking plastics molder with injection presses up to 300-ounce capacity; compression presses; and the newest, largest-type reinforced and vacuum-forming equipment. Complete die-making, finishing, painting and assembling facilities.

Parker-Kalon Division

P-K fastening devices quality-controlled to assure accurately-formed fasteners. Self-Tapping screws, wing nuts, masonry nails, set and socket screws to fill exacting industrial requirements. Plant at Clifton, N.J.

Wiggins Vapor Seals

Floating roofs, dry-seal lifter roofs, dry-seal gasholders — conservation structures on storage tanks — built by the Plate and Welding division to prevent losses of volatile vapors in petroleum storage.

Kanigen® Division

The Kanigen process introduces a brand-new material to industry. Kanigen chemically produces a hard, uniform, corrosion-resistant coating of nickel-phosphorus on low-cost metals including aluminum.

Export Division

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with less care in cool summer slacks made with
"Dacron"® polyester fiber. Their neat appearance lasts longer,
even in humid weather, because "Dacron" helps them hold off
wrinkles, hold onto their press. Relax in comfort this summer...
choose your slacks from a wide range of colors in a variety of
handsome fabrics made with "Dacron". See these handsome
tropical slacks wherever you buy your better clothes.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.

DACRON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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*** THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR SLACKS SHOWN HERE.

TIME, APRIL 30, 1956



In 1953 . . . 19 states. In 1956 . . . service expanded to 30!
To this spectacular growth add new manufacturing facilities
that help supply the needs of 5000 independent telephone companies.
Better equipped . . . serving America's fastest growing areas . . .
General Telephone faces the future with confidence.



GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT TELEPHONE SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.



Pete Penn says: "Mother Nature..."

stored her finest crude oil beneath the hills of the Pennsylvania Grade oil regions, where I come from."

That's why today's best motor oils are brands of Pennsylvania. No other motor oils are so naturally suited to the high-speed, high-temperature service of today's engines.

Take a tip from Pete Penn. At your next oil change, ask for a brand of Pennsylvania motor oil. Sold by good dealers everywhere.

Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania © 1958



LETTERS

The Thundering Herd

Sir:

Now that you have covered the small minority of U.S. tourists who will vacation abroad this summer (April 9), I trust you will turn your attention to the vast majority of U.S. tourists who will spend their vacations touring these United States.

EUGENE H. O'NEIL JR.

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sir:

Having lived in Europe for the past eighteen months I am prepared to duck from June until September as the thundering herd of tourists (probably quite a few as a result of your article) sweeps through Europe this summer.

JAMES M. KYLE

Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

% Postmaster
New York City

Sir:

You certainly give a comprehensive explanation for the fact that most native Parisians are already making plans to leave that city during the month of August. American tourists and their dollars are needed in Europe, but they are not welcomed.

LOUISE GUINEY

Paris

Sir:

What about one of the most beautiful tours in the world? The Dalmatian coast, George Bernard Shaw, whose compliments were rare, referred to the shining city of Dubrovnik as the closest place to heaven on earth. For the traveler who warms to the thought of wine, women and song—the wine is varied and plentiful, and the women of the Konavle Valley are said to be the most beautiful in Europe.

ANN LIPOVAC

Chicago

Sir:

Allow me to point out that Las Palmas and Tenerife are also delightful spots for vacationers.

T. BULCHAND

Las Palmas, Canary Islands

Sir:

It's too bad that American Express's President Reed doesn't read his own pamphlets on tourist etiquette. He advises tourists to be "ambassadors of good will" and, you say, realizes that Americans do not endear themselves to foreigners by spending money.

ELMO MENETRE

Yet he rolicks through Germany and Italy in a plush, private railway car, and tries to prime the British economy with his lavish gratuities.

MAURICE H. OPPENHEIM
Mannheim, Germany

Sir:

Delighted to read your fine article. The travel industry has been one of America's greatest aids toward good will and fine relations between the U.S. and various countries outside the Iron Curtain. Our association of more than 3,000 members is composed of 1,100 of the best travel agents in the U.S. and Canada, including American Express, plus the best travel agents in other parts of the world.

THOMAS J. DONOVAN
President
American Society of Travel Agents
New York City

Sir:

Your color photograph of a London scene is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Congratulations!

ERNST HARTMAN
Vice President
Frames' Tours Ltd.
New York City

Sir:

You say, "In July Australia's South Pacific Airlines will start twice-weekly flights from Honolulu to Papeete." South Pacific Air Lines is an American company owned by Dollar Associates, Inc., and will be the first scheduled American airline to fly between Honolulu and Tahiti.

ROBERTA GERKE
The Robert Dollar Co.,
San Francisco

The Campaigners

Sir:

Your April 9 News in Pictures about "Tireless Estes Kefauver: Campaigner on the Road" depicts a man who is common. If he were elected President, he would be for the masses and not for the favored few. The results of the Minnesota primary show he is the choice of millions of voters.

ELMO MENETRE
Oklahoma City

Sir:

Tireless Estes, our clowning campaigner, has restored my faith in human nature and my fellow men. Seldom does a candidate advertise his weaknesses so candidly as

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TIME
April 30, 1958

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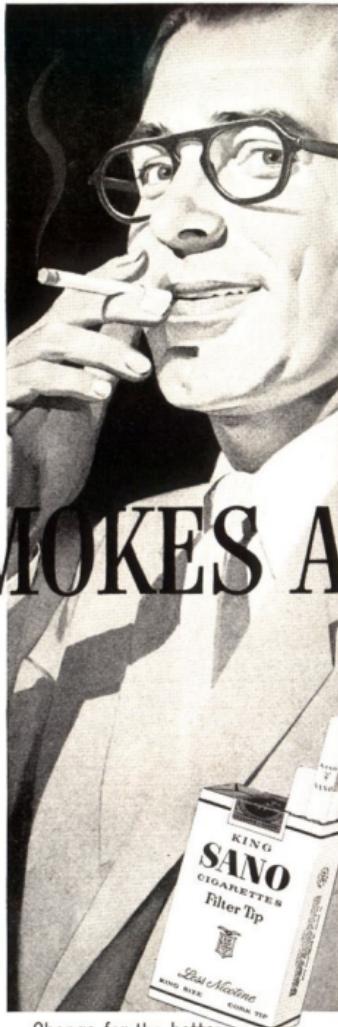
TO A MAN WHO SMOKE'S A LOT-

-choosing your cigarette brand is more than just a casual decision.

That's why we think you'll be especially interested in the chart shown here. This carefully detailed report, by an independent laboratory, shows the precise amount of nicotine and tar in the smoke of all leading brands of filter cigarettes. As you can see, there's *less nicotine by far* in the smoke of King Sano—and *less tar*—than in the smoke of any other filter cigarette.

There's a good reason for this. Only King Sano, of all leading filter cigarettes, doesn't depend on a filter tip alone to screen out nicotine and tar. King Sano filters the tobacco, too—to reduce nicotine and tar *even before the cigarettes are made*.

The result of this exclusive Sano process is a truly fine cigarette—and one that tastes every bit as good as it is. For a pleasant change, why not try King Sano? You'll like them.



Change for the better—

Filter Tip **KING SANO**

*Less Nicotine By Far—
and less tar!*

A PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

P.S. WE ALSO FILTER THE TOBACCO IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-HAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO

TIME, APRIL 30, 1956

Nicotine and Tar in the Smoke
of All Leading Filter Cigarettes

KING SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES	MILLIGRAMS NICOTINE IN SMOKE	MILLIGRAMS TARS IN SMOKE
KING SANO	0.6	11.8
CIGARETTE A	1.6	16.5
CIGARETTE B	1.6	24.1
CIGARETTE C	1.7	25.2
CIGARETTE D	1.8	20.6
CIGARETTE E	1.8	22.8
CIGARETTE F	2.1	19.0
CIGARETTE G	2.3	19.4
CIGARETTE H	2.5	21.3
REGULAR SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES	MILLIGRAMS NICOTINE IN SMOKE	MILLIGRAMS TARS IN SMOKE
CIGARETTE A	1.9	19.3
CIGARETTE B	2.3	23.1
CIGARETTE C	2.5	22.0

These are the results of a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.

The World's Most Honored Graduation Gift

Longines

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored WATCH*

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION
EXPLORATION AND CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
U.S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE EVENTS



A Longines Watch Honors The Graduate

To a graduate entering a world of competition and opportunity, a Longines watch is an inspiration. For Longines watches have proved superior in all fields in which a watchmaker can compete—winning highest honors for excellence and elegance, for accuracy and reliability. Many beautiful models, priced as low as \$71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

Highest honors for the graduate—left: Longines Fashion "A," \$135; right: Longines Pres. Van Buuren "R," \$150—both 14K gold. Others from \$71.50.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

sign on the old lumber wagon ["Please Help a Poor Candidate"]. May not a poor candidate be a poor President?

FLORENCE M. FLYNN

Pepperell, Mass.

Sir:
Those were mighty fine pictures of Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," in your News in Pictures.

C. W. CARROLL

Rochester



United Press; Wide World
WYNN

¶ For a comparison of Comedian Wynn and Campaigner Kefauver, see cuts.—Ed.

Sir:
It would seem that campaigning for the Presidency is degenerating into a contest for the "personality kid"—Ike's smile and Dick's boyish charm v. Kef's handshake and something homespun. However, there are some of us who live with grass, dandelions and pigweed, who drive second-hand Chevys and read such un-intellectual things as TIME magazine, but think that Stevenson is terrific and wish Kefauver would go stick his head in a bucket of the corn he's been slinging around the country.

WILLIAM D. NICHOLSON

New Castle, Pa.

Teacher's Troubles

Sir:
What an extremely sad commentary on our culture is shown in your article about Paul Richer and his teaching experience in Riceville, Iowa [April 9]. If many could have their way, they would undoubtedly keep our culture stagnant and static.

MORTON DECORCEY NACHLAS
Allentown, Pa.

Sir:
Having had the privilege of sitting in for a day on Paul Richer's classes early in the school year, I can feel only pity for the middleheaded burghers who fired him. Dismal, hopeless mediocrity is the most serious menace to present-day primary and secondary education in America. There is no room in Riceville for originality, no tolerance there of intellectual inquiry. If this sorry phenomenon were limited solely to Riceville, Iowa, Americans would have small cause for worry; unfortunately, it is not. The real reason Paul was dismissed is that his students were beginning to think for themselves—not just during classtime, but after school as well.

JAMES H. RANSOM

Stanford, Calif.

Sir:
The troubles of Teacher Richer offer eloquent testimony to our growing tendency toward a sterile conformity of thought and behavior. Richer was born 30 years too late because the school system now is interested in only making playboys or well-oiled cogs in the social machine. As to the teaching of the study of Communism in the school system, it is scant wonder at the success of



**SOME OF THE BEST THINGS
IN LIFE AREN'T FREE**

...and that goes double if you have children. Just between us, how big an income would your present life insurance provide for your family? And for how long? Don't you owe it to them to look into a **MONY** policy now? For example: the annual premium for \$5,000 of **MONY** life insurance for a man age 30, who qualifies, comes to about 31¢ a day—little more than the price of an ice cream soda.

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Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I would like FREE information about a MONY Flexible Whole Life Policy.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County or Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Date of Birth _____



Half the fun of playing golf IS A WORTHY CLUB!

The outdoors and good companionship are a great part of golfing pleasure, but socking that ball hard, crisply and accurately is still the big idea. So, ask your pro how leading manufacturers are building new power and new accuracy into their 1956 clubs, fitted with True Temper's famous ROCKET Golf Shafts.

You'll find that True Temper shafts are used in golf clubs made for men, women and youngsters in a complete range of prices . . . and all leading manufacturers have adapted the features of True Temper shafts to make their new clubs the finest ever produced.

Incidentally, look in any pro's bag . . . chances are 98 to 1 that his clubs have True Temper shafts, too.



"Better Golf" features facts about golf etiquette, rules and includes space for recording scores. It's free wherever fine golf clubs are sold . . . or write: True Temper Corp., 1623 Euclid Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio.

TRUE TEMPER



Fine quality in golf-club shafts
Hammers, hatchets, axes • Lawn,
garden and farm tools • Shovels
Shears • Fishing tackle

brainwashing in Korea, when a high-school teacher is not permitted to discuss capitalism v. Communism . . .

ROBERT D. BEACH

Carmel, Indiana

Phog in Kansas

Sir:

Most Kansans love "Phog" Allen, and will strongly resent your summary description of him as "the loudmouthed osteopath" of whom we have "at long last apparently tired" [April 9]. Phog is undeniably outspoken and loquacious, but his forceful hammering has been responsible for, among other things, the presence of basketball on the Olympic program, the N.C.A.A. basketball tourney, and for putting the spotlight on basketball gambling long before anyone else recognized the evil, let alone had the courage to publicize it.

STEWART NEWLIN

Publisher

The Wellington Daily News
Wellington, Kans.

The Jungschaeger Case

Sir:

Thank you for printing the story of the Jungschaeger case [April 9]. What a shame that it took a full year to get through to the American people.

BERNARDINE Y. AKKERMAN
Canton, Ohio

Sir:

You are the first American news source to give ample and thoroughgoing consideration to this farce of justice.

H. J. THEULINGS

Oosterhout, Holland

Sir:

I wonder whether this case is another sample of that Indonesian "patriotism and wisdom of leadership" which Mr. Dulles was loud in praise of at his press conference in Djakarta.

A. BERT VAN ASTEN

Oak Park, Ill.

Brutal Buffets

Sir:

That review of *Serenade* [April 2] in which Mario Lanza appears is brutal. I got a laugh out of it but a man must have a thick hide to be able to take such blows and keep any kind of self-assurance; a deep-seated inferiority complex must be at the bottom of all Lanza's troubles, and your verbal buffeting does not help.

M. L. OLNEY

San Francisco

Sir:

Your movie critic panned a beautiful picture and human voice in *Serenade*, but extols mechanical substitutes for human beings in *Forbidden Planet*, which just goes to prove that the guy is anything but a human being himself.

M. L. AHNER

Buffalo

Sir:

I can't seem to find the pan for the pun in your movie reviews. Even your book schnooks seem took with this folly of jollies.

SHIRLEY REYNOLDS

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

I like your movie reviews better than the movies; your book pages, too, are terrific—except on sex day.

T. D. KENNEY

Orange, N.J.



Gowns by Irene



A discerning look at any of the nation's finer gathering places will usually reveal a surprising number of Cadillac cars in attendance. This is, we think, entirely logical. For through the years, Cadillac has been the consistent and overwhelming choice of those who choose without restriction. And how well they have

chosen. In beauty, in luxury, in performance, in everything that makes a motor car a pleasure to own and to utilize . . . Cadillac stands completely apart. We invite you to drive this latest version of the "car of cars" soon. Your dealer will be privileged to serve you at any time.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up $\frac{1}{3}$ less space!



G-E Thinline is $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches "thin"...
no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner?

The amazing new *Thinline* gives you top performance, yet actually takes up one third less space than previous corresponding models.

Fits flush with inside walls, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. You get amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—and High Power Factor Design assures economy of operation.

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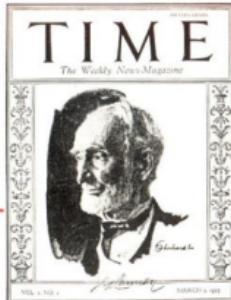
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James A. Linn

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER



Dear TIME-Reader:

IN Manhattan last week some of the nation's top art directors attended a luncheon in honor of 73-year-old Artist William Oberhardt (*see self-portrait*). That same evening, the Society of Illustrators also saluted the New Jersey-born, Munich-trained portraitist with a dinner and a bronze medal "for a most distinguished career in the art of illustration." TIME was especially pleased to join in the tributes to "Obie," as he is widely and affectionately known, for it was he who drew our first cover 33 years ago (*see cut*).

Obie's "first" for TIME was actually the result of an impromptu loan. TIME's young founders, Henry R. Luce and Briton Hadden, had asked advertising agency friends for advice on the art layout for their first cover. During this consultation, they decided to use the portrait of a personality outstanding in the current news—a TIME tradition ever since. The figure in the news that week was Joseph Gurney Cannon, one-time Republican Speaker of the House, who

at 86 was retiring after 23 terms in Congress. One of the agency friends knew that Obie had already drawn Cannon. A hurried exchange of phone calls followed, and genial Obie readily agreed to lend the new magazine his Joe Cannon portrait for its cover. Thus, he was the first of some 70 artists of renown (including Diego Rivera and James Thurber, who did their own portraits) who have drawn the parade of world figures on more than 1,600 TIME covers.

Uncle Joe, Obie admits, was one of his most difficult subjects. He was drawn at the end of a crusty era, when the brass cuspidor was still a fixture on Capitol Hill. Cannon had six strategically placed about the Speaker's office and used them all as he received visitors and fretted while Obie drew. Working swiftly with his charcoal, the artist was nervous and eager, said he wished he had time to do a second one. "Why?" demanded Uncle Joe. He stomped across the office and stared a long time at the portrait. Then he spat and growled: "That's pretty good. You don't want to do that again—that's homely enough."

Recalling the conversation last week, Obie smiled and said: "Most of the men I've portrayed were ones I would have paid to do. I've had a great deal of pleasure and honor meeting and doing the great men of my time."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

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Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

**Quick action prevents
tragedy when family
is marooned in hurricane**

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the telephone building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated



RESCUE AT HAND. Telephone man fights his way through swirling waters to bring marooned cottagers to safety during hurricane.



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people marooned by tidal waters. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

HELPING HANDS—The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

It Might As Well Be June

Sitting before her television set one day last week, Mrs. Luke Choplin of Independence, Mo., watched with fascination as Prince Rainier took Grace Kelly for his bride. While Mrs. Choplin kept her eye on far-off Monaco, linemen toiled away equipping her house with extra telephone wires to accommodate a New York *Times* reporter who had arranged to use the Choplin home as a communications center on Margaret Truman's wedding day.

Between Grace on TV and Margaret over those telephone lines, Mrs. Choplin might almost as well have passed up the newspapers, for last week's headlines—even the non-nuptial ones—seemed to be primarily dedicated to the proposition that it might as well be June. In Manhattan World Bank President Eugene Black, who calls himself a conservative banker "committed to the future," sumnily predicted that the national incomes of the U.S. and Western European nations would double "in just over 20 years." In the Middle East Egypt's aggressive Prime Minister Nasser and Israel's combative Ben-Gurion both promised U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold to enforce a cease-fire along the Gaza strip and the Negev. In London the touring Russians, Khrushchev and Bulganin (or Bim and Bom, in the oblique language of Russian jokers), got the kind of social, personal and diplomatic chaff that only the British can apply (see FOREIGN News).

All in all, the honeymoon mood got so overpowering that it was hard to believe it really wasn't June until Khrushchev genially informed his British hosts that a Russian Tupolev jet transport "covers the distance from Moscow to London in three and a half hours," and coupled this statement with pointed reminders of the existence of hydrogen bombs and intercontinental guided missiles. Just about then, everyone remembered that it really was still April—which Poet T. S. Eliot long ago called the "cruellest month."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The New Role for NATO

"We are at a point in time when important events occurring in rapid succession change the scene. It seems that this second postwar decade upon which we have entered will mark a new phase in the struggle between the forces of despotism and the forces of freedom." So de-



Edward H. Hoffman—United Press
INDEPENDENCE'S MRS. CHOPLIN
Between the lines, lots of honey.

clared Secretary of State John Foster Dulles this week, as he proposed a major next step in Western foreign policy: the transformation of the 15-nation North Atlantic Treaty Organization from a defense pact into a pregnant next "phase" that could conceivably make it an instrument for the integration of the Western world.

Dulles laid down his proposal cautiously in a speech prepared for delivery



United Press
WORLD BANK'S EUGENE BLACK
In 20 years, lots of money.

to the members of the Associated Press meeting in Manhattan. But it was clear from the care with which he chose his words that he was tossing out an idea for a possible close economic association of NATO members, an idea that would be discussed in detail at a meeting of the NATO Council next month.

Changes in the Kremlin. As he led up to his principal point, Dulles defined the changes in Russia that made such a venture possible. He noted that the Russian leaders now talked of conciliation where once they threatened violence. "We take deep satisfaction from the fact that we can today see within Russia some signs of light which could mark the dawning . . . All of this is tremendously important. It is more than we dared hope for a few years ago . . .

"If we treat the prospect of success as being itself a present success, that could turn into an ultimate disaster." The fact of Communist tyranny still remains, e.g., the division of Germany, the feverish drive for nuclear weapons, the fomenting of trouble in the Middle East and Asia, and the "iron heel" on the captive countries of Eastern Europe. Then, turning the tables, he added: "We believe that the spirit which in the last decade has provided so many self-governing peoples with political independence ought also to operate peacefully to stimulate independence for those subject to the ruthless colonialism of Soviet Russia."

Unwanted Simplicity. With a swipe at his critics (see below), Dulles explained that it was a simple matter to design Western foreign policy in the days of high tension and fear. "When the issue is 'who dies and who lives,' all other issues seem unimportant. But we do not want simplicity at that price."

He then defined the outlines of the path he hopes the West will tread in the new situation: "The mission of the West is not completed. More independence needs to be perfected. More economic development needs to be planned and supported throughout the world. More sense of equality and human brotherhood needs to be developed . . . The North Atlantic Treaty already serves as an indispensable and vital instrument of the Atlantic community. But the time has, I believe, come to consider whether its organization does not need to be further developed if it is adequately to serve the needs of this and coming generations. If that be the common desire of the NATO member nations, the U.S. will join eagerly in exploring the

possibilities which now beckon us forward."

Only two days before Dulles' speech President Eisenhower had set the basic framework for the Secretary's proposal. The U.S., the President told the American Society of Newspaper Editors, will continue to maintain "a collective shield against aggression to allow the free peoples to seek their valued goals in safety." The U.S. would continue to be "a helpful and considerate partner," especially to the new nations of the East which "share in common with all free countries the basic and universal values that inspired our nation's founders." Harking back to the happenings on Concord's North Bridge, April 19, 1775, Dwight Eisenhower put the meaning and hope of the new program into a sentence: "One hundred and eighty-one years ago, our forefathers started a revolution that still goes on."

The Opposing View

The two leading candidates for the Democratic nomination paused in mid-campaign last week, drew solemn breath, and issued full-dress declarations on U.S. foreign policy. Adlai Stevenson, avoiding the quip, charged that the U.S. has "come dangerously close to losing, if indeed it has not lost, its leadership in the world." Estes Kefauver, avoiding the homily, charged that the Eisenhower Administration "has no faith in peace and no hope of achieving it in its time." Both men offered to correct the situation.

The Republican Administration, said Stevenson, speaking to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, has denied to the U.S. public the truth about foreign policy. "We have been sold rather than told." He cited as an example Secretary Dulles' statement last year that "we have the initiative, very distinctly," in the Middle East and South Asia.

Touchy Issue. Israel, Algeria, Formosa, Indo-China, Indonesia, Kashmir, Cyprus and the whole NATO area are serious tension points, said Stevenson. "Today in the great arc from North Africa through Southeast Asia, the Russian challenge is developing rapidly and with great flexibility and force. Everywhere, people seeking a short cut to raise their own standards of life are told that the Soviet Union alone has mastered the secret of converting a peasant economy into a modern industrial state in a single generation. In the meantime we, whose position is fundamentally decent and honorable, have so mismanaged ourselves of late that we must now try to prove that we love peace as much as the Russians . . . On the one hand, we exhort the world about the virtues of the U.S. On the other hand, most of our official dealings seem to be in terms of military threats, military alliances and military values."

Stevenson clanged swords with the Administration on a perilous issue: the U.S. "should give prompt and earnest consideration to stopping further tests of the hydrogen bomb . . . As a layman I question the sense in multiplying and enlarging weapons of a destructive power already

almost incomprehensible." Equally drastic was his proposal that the U.S. put greater reliance on the United Nations as the agency for passing out its economic aid, thereby removing "economic development from the arena of the cold war."

Giant Step. Kefauver donned the statesman's mantle at Los Angeles' Occidental College, blamed many a world problem on "our failure to stand up fair and square on the issue of colonialism." He, too, was concerned about the Middle East: "We delayed too long in seeking not just a cease-fire but a general settlement in the area. We waited long enough for the Soviet Union, with its offers of arms and economic aid, to become a party of interest in the Middle East . . . Thus, by our inaction, we have permitted the Soviet Union to take another giant step."

Kefauver promised, if elected President, to "reinstate not just a bipartisan foreign policy but a nonpartisan foreign



Hank Walker—LIFE

SEÑORITA ARTAJO

The boys are very friendly.

policy." He urged less emphasis on "military might as our only method and our sole end in the world." As for Russia, the U.S. "must be prepared to meet all genuine offers of peaceful cooperation in the spirit in which they are given."

The Conspiracy Goes On

While statesmen and would-be statesmen debated Communism's latest moves at the rooftop level of foreign policy last week, Attorney General Herbert Brownell brought the subject right down to lock-jimmying level where it belongs. Speaking in Dallas to a meeting of the International Bar Association, Brownell said: "The primary objective of the Communist conspiracy today is to create the illusion that it is not a conspiracy. But every shred of available evidence shows that the conspiracy is conducting business as usual, if not on an intensified scale."

THE PRESIDENCY

A Miffed Miss

To the White House last week came Alberto Martin Artajo, Spain's Minister of Foreign Affairs, for a social call on the President and Mrs. Eisenhower. Artajo and aides were homeward bound from a week of inconclusive but encouraging exploration at the State Department on such topics as increased military and economic aid and U.S. sponsorship of Spanish membership in NATO.

Artajo, first Spanish Foreign Minister to visit the U.S. or be received by a President, brought his wife to meet the Eisenhowers, but left his attractive daughter Mercedes, 20, at National Airport to await them. Informed that Mercedes was miffed, Ike gallantly declared that he too was miffed, had an aide hurry across town to fetch an excited Mercedes back for a special interview in his office. Ike asked how she liked American boys. Answered Mercedes: "They're very friendly."

Among the presents brought by Artajo were a lace mantilla for Mamie Eisenhower, a purebred Spanish burro and a saddle for grandson David. He left the White House with inscribed pictures of the President and First Lady, and a friendly farewell from Ike, who mustered up enough of his Army Spanish to call out: "Vaya con Dios."

THE ATOM

Forward Step

On his way home from the Bermuda Conference in 1953, President Eisenhower delivered before the U.N. a speech that electrified the world. The President pledged the U.S. "to help solve the fearful atomic dilemma—to devote its entire heart and mind to find the way by which the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death, but consecrated to his life." His specific proposal: the big powers should "begin now and continue to make joint contributions from their stockpiles of normal uranium and fissionable materials to an international atomic-energy agency . . . under the aegis of the U.N."

Last week in Washington, a twelve-nation conference at last got around to approving a charter for the agency that will run the atoms-for-peace program. The Russians dropped their 1½-year-old insistence that it come under the U.N. Security Council, where they hold a veto. The Indians stopped haggling about the rights of have-not nations when the U.S. and Russia agreed that the agency should submit reports to the 76-nation U.N. General Assembly. The twelve countries agreed that the agency should receive, regulate and distribute fissionable materials, as the President had proposed back in 1953. The charter for the new agency will be submitted for ratification to an 84-nation conference at the U.N. this fall, when a 23-nation governing board will be chosen. Among the charter members: the U.S., Russia, India.

THE CONGRESS

A Crowning Defeat

Right after President Eisenhower's veto of the farm bill, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson set the style for Democratic reaction. "The veto of the farm bill," keynoted Johnson, "can be described only as a crushing blow to the hopes and the legitimate desires of American agriculture." Then, as other Democrats arose in the Senate to lambaste the President, Johnson sprawled out in his chair, grinned broadly and winked at his party colleagues. Feeling that they had at last been handed a deadly issue against Dwight Eisenhower, other Democrats grinned along with Lyndon Johnson in the early days of last week.

Crucified. Promising that he would call Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson on his Senate Agriculture Committee carpet within 48 hours, Louisiana's Allen Ellender nonetheless took direct aim at Eisenhower. "The choice was the President's," cried Ellender. "He has chosen to let our farm population dangle at the end of Secretary Benson's flexible noose." Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr supplied the oratorical topper: "From his ivory tower at the Augusta country club, where he has been completely insulated from the voice of the people, the President has again acted on the advice of little men who made his decision for him . . . The nails that have been driven into the farmer's hands, the cross upon which he is being crucified, may have been furnished by Benson, but the hammer that drove those nails into the farmer's hands was wielded by the hand of Eisenhower. The hand that placed the crown of thorns upon the farmer's head was the hand of Eisenhower."

On the House side, Speaker Sam Rayburn, his battle gorge up, decided to contest the presidential veto without even consulting House Agriculture Committee Chairman Harold Cooley, who was back home in North Carolina. While Rayburn knew that he could not get the two-thirds vote necessary to override the veto, he felt sure that he could win the simple majority necessary to show that Ike was flouting the clear will of Congress. But Mister Sam's famed political antenna wasn't working.

Outmaneuvered. In the hours before the vote on overriding, a secondary political reaction began to set in. Congressmen with an ear cocked to the country began to hear editorial approval of the President's veto in such Midwestern cities as Milwaukee, Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago, and from such Southern centers as Dallas, Miami, Richmond and Memphis. Even the *Des Moines Register*, a supporter of the farm bill, was philosophical. Republican leaders meeting in Washington (*see below*) began to perk up after initial despondency. The President, they figured, had pulled the rug from under the Democrats by his principle-over-politics decision, as well as by his offer of administrative relief to farmers and his request for immediate soil-bank payments. By



International

DEMOCRAT KERR
Stuck with his own thorns.

midweek, House Republicans who had backslid on the farm-bill vote (*TIME*, April 23) began to rally.

The House debate on overriding was distinguished only by a memorable line from North Carolina's Cooley. Cried he: "Why should anyone be so absurd as to suggest that any of us are prompted by partisan politics?" An hour later the House voted 211 (173 Republicans and 38 Democrats) to 202 (182 Democrats and 20 Republicans) against overriding the veto. The Democratic leadership, in failing to win even a simple majority, had suffered a crowning defeat, and no amount of subsequent maneuvering would repair the damage.

Work Done

Last week the U.S. Congress looked away from the farm belt just long enough to:

¶ Add, by a 43-to-40 vote in the Senate, a John W. Bricker amendment to an otherwise routine bill increasing to \$3,000,000 the annual U.S. contributions to the International Labor Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization of the U.N. Ohio Republican Bricker insisted that the extra money be withheld until Iron Curtain representatives are expelled from the ILO. Against Administration objections that the rider would portray the U.S. as dictating to the free world, 35 Republicans and eight Democrats voted to give Bricker his way.

¶ Approve, without debate in the Senate, a bill increasing the maximum Smith Act penalty for advocating the overthrow of the U.S. Government from ten years and \$10,000 fine to 20 years and \$20,000 fine. The House had already passed a similar bill, but the Senate added a provision barring any person convicted under the act from "holding any office of honor, trust or profit under the U.S." returned the bill to the House for final passage.

¶ Pass, in the House, a resolution making "In God We Trust" the U.S. motto.

¶ Slash, in the House Appropriations Committee, \$56.8 million from Administration requests for the State and Justice Departments and the U.S. Information Agency. The committee refused to authorize two new prisons, snarled at a State Department request to buy an unspecified number of "executive wastebaskets" at \$27 each, turned down a \$3,700,000 idea for converting an old aircraft carrier into a floating theater equipped to show CinemaScope in seaports around the world, rejected a proposal to air-condition federal courts at a cost of \$1,500,000.



United Press

SECRETARY BENSON & CHAIRMAN ELLENDER (AT COMMITTEE HEARING)
Hanged by a flexible noose.

REPUBLICANS
Give 'Em Heaven

Gathered for a "national strategy" meeting in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel last week, some 800 U.S. Republican leaders spent most of their time milling around the lobby, airing local problems (how to interest young people in Pennsylvania's moshback G.O.P. organization), inspecting campaign gimmicks (ladies' hose with "I Like Ike" lettered across the ankles) and considering, with notable lack of enthusiasm, a limp national slogan ("Ring the bells and tell the people"). Then, as the last event on the two-day agenda, they heard the President of the U.S. open his campaign for re-election and set forth the 1956 Republican line. Ike's speech, the very antithesis of give-em-hell, was a low-keyed, broad-based appeal to "All Americans—Republicans, Independents and sound-thinking Democrats." Said the President: "We welcome them all."

"People," said the President, "are made in the image of God. They are divine and endowed with aspirations and talents. Their political organizations must reflect this truth. Therefore, the Republican Party must be inspired by a concern for the rights of every citizen . . . Under God, we espouse the cause of freedom and justice and peace for all peoples. The peace we seek will be the product of understanding and agreement and law among nations."

Open Tentflaps. Ike's outline of Republican principles was calculated to appeal to almost everyone and to offend hardly anyone, so much so that it provoked Washington Post's left-wing Democratic Cartoonist Herblock into one of the season's sharpest needlings of G.O.P. generalities (*see cut*). Among Ike's points: ¶ "The ultimate values of mankind are spiritual. These values include liberty, human dignity, opportunity, and equal rights and justice."

¶ "More jobs and better jobs, a flourishing agriculture, happier living for every family, peace and plenty for all people—



Associated Press
CANDIDATE EISENHOWER®
Uplifting, yes. But fun?

these call for a strong, growing, private-enterprise economy."

"To stay free" we must stay strong. Though we must recognize that peace cannot be gained by arms alone, yet we must gird ourselves with sufficient military strength to discourage resort to war and to protect our nation's vital interests; moreover, we must help to strengthen the collective defense of free nations."

The President threw wide-open the flaps of the G.O.P. tent. "No party," he said, "has a monopoly on brains or idealism or statesmanship. We—Republicans and Democrats alike—are motivated by the same loyalty to the flag, by the same devotion to freedom and human dignity, by the same high purposes for the nation's security and its people's welfare."

Credit for All. Ike's line was underscored the next night in Manhattan by Vice President Nixon, whose slashing Republican partisanship had previously won him undying Democratic enmity. Said the probable workhorse of the 1956 Republican campaign: "We know that in all fairness the credit for America's great prosperity must today be shared among Democrats and Republicans, labor leaders and business executives, farmers and city folk alike. Together they have brought about the changes that have made our economic system the model that it is today. In a real sense the achieving of the American dream has been the combined work of all Americans."

The 1956 line seemed as weak tea to the professional Republicans; they accepted it stolidly, but it gave them little opportunity for whooping and hollering. Give-'em-heaven was uplifting, but, as some Republicans muttered ruefully, give-em-hell was a lot more fun.

THE PRIMARIES Upset Applecart

To Candidate Estes Kefauver the New Jersey apple appeared sweet and ripe and ready for picking. Adlai Stevenson was not entered in the New Jersey primary, and Kefauver, who specializes in trouncing state organizations, saw little to fear in the unpledged slate of delegates headed by Governor Robert Meyner and representing the New Jersey regulars. By so underestimating Robert Baumie Meyner, Kefauver got his apple, all right. But it was bitter and over-ripe and thrown right in his face.

In New Jersey Kefauver waged one of his patented, tireless, poor-boy campaigns seeking the voters' help in his underground battle against the state "machine." But Bob Meyner refused to get mad. Although he privately describes Kefauver in lurid terms, Meyner invited Estes to a personal meeting, chatted pleasantly for 40 minutes, said kind things ("He has a style of campaigning which I like to think is my style of campaigning"), Meyner blandly denied that his organization was trying to impose its will on the voters. Said he: "I am not one of those who think that leadership is synonymous with bossism."

Meyner's strategy—that of preventing a big sympathy vote for Kefauver—paid off. Last week when the votes were counted, Estes Kefauver won—precisely one-half of one delegate vote—and that by a voting-machine fluke. The Meyner slate took the other 3½. Kefauver did little better in New Jersey's preferential vote. Running unopposed on the Democratic ballot, he received 110,000 votes against 329,000 for President Eisenhower on the Republican side.

Old Hand. At 47, New Jersey's Meyner is an old hand at upsetting applecart. One of the most eligible bachelors in U.S. politics, he practiced law in Jersey City and home-town Phillipsburg, went to the state senate in 1947, became one of the leaders in ousting Jersey City's Boss Frank Hague from the seat of Democratic power in 1949. Four years later Meyner was nominated for governor. He promptly announced that, win or lose in the general election, he was assuming direct personal leadership of the state organization and intended to retain it for the next four years. He won the election, bringing down the New Jersey Republican organization, whose timbers had been rotting behind an impressive façade of long-held power.

At the moment of taking office, Meyner became one of the most powerful of U.S. governors. Under the New Jersey constitution, the governor is the only elected official in the executive branch. He has almost absolute power in appointing cabinet officers (the fact that four of Meyner's cabinet officers are Republicans has caused some major Democratic grumbling). Says Meyner: "I have great opportunities to do a job of service without legislation." This helps, since the New Jersey legislature is Republican.



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"FORWARD, CRUSADERS"

* Peering through election-gimmick eyeshade with legend, "I like Ike."

New Lilt. After last week's primary Governor Meyner met newsmen. He was a model of modesty, but the lilt of success kept dancing into his voice. How had the primary hurt Kefauver's national chances? Said Meyner: "I have to agree that what happened is a setback." (In California, Kefauver said frankly, "We tried and we didn't succeed.") Did Meyner, whose slate had been billed as pro-Stevenson, see the primary as a mandate to vote the New Jersey delegation for Stevenson? Replied Meyner: "I see nothing in the way of a mandate." (In Pennsylvania, Stevenson agreed that it was strictly a Meyner victory.)

What about Meyner himself? Had he now become a dark horse of lighter hue? Grinned Meyner: "I haven't been using peroxide in the last few days." With his political future still well ahead of him, Bob Meyner can easily afford to wait. But in the unsettled Democratic situation of 1956, it could be that peroxide will be poured on him before convention time.

DEMOCRATS

Party Crisis

Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler was flapping distress flags from every halyard. "There is no use kidding ourselves," said Butler. "The Democratic Party is confronted with a financial crisis." Butler was imparting the bad news to the Democratic National Committee, which met in Washington's Statler Hotel and rounded out its week with a poorly attended (2,500 guests) \$100-a-plate dinner at the Washington Armory.

The meetings were an epic of unlucky timing. Also meeting in Washington was the American Society of Newspaper Editors, getting the big speakers and claiming the big, black headlines. Busy being the father of the bride in Missouri was the top Democratic crowd-getter, Harry Truman, who used to pack the armory (capacity 5,000). Away in Monaco at another wedding was Party Treasurer Matt McCloskey, the man most immediately concerned with Democratic fund-raising. These key absences, and a number of others, left Paul Butler and the Democratic comptroller, Mrs. Mary Zirkle, to explain the financial crisis.

Beyond Money. The facts were serious, and growing more so. As of Jan. 1 the Democratic Party had \$150,000 in its treasury. As of last week it had \$74,393—and a national campaign coming up. "If we don't find a way to solve [the problem] promptly," said Butler, "we are faced by the very real danger that the 1956 election will be won not by the party with the best issues but by the party with the most money."

What Paul Butler did not explain was that Democratic troubles go far beyond money matters, which are a result and not a cause of the party's crisis in leadership. Butler's own national committee staff is devoutly pro-Stevenson (although Butler went to great pains to deny it last week), but hardly anywhere else in the Demo-



WINNER MEYNER & MOTHER
An apple, yes. But sweet?

catic Party is there such recognition of a leader.

Tearing the Heart. No one realizes this better than Candidate Stevenson. Touring Pennsylvania last week, Stevenson drew good crowds but appeared weary and snappish (mourned friendly N.Y. Postman Murray Kempton: "It almost tears the heart to see Stevenson"). Although Adlai had been assured of Pennsylvania's '54 convention votes by Governor George Leader and Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence, Stevenson remarked: "I can't be sure, of course, that I will retain their allegiance until next August." Estes Kefauver was in no better shape; his improved Gallup poll rating after the Minnesota primary could be expected to fall off after last week's dismal New Jersey showing.

In the absence of an emerging leader, dark-horse candidacies were blooming in Missouri, Texas, Ohio, Michigan and New Jersey. Asked about the dark-horse potential of New York's Governor Averell Harriman, Stevenson replied: "There are a lot of darker horses than Harriman who will be heard from before this is all over."

Known Devil. The leadership crisis extended even to Congress, generally considered the hard core of Democratic strength. The President's veto of the natural-gas bill last February was a blow to the prestige of those leading Texans, House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. And Rayburn's fumble in bringing the farm-bill veto to a House vote last week undermined what had seemed to be the party's most promising issue. Even if the Democrats pick up farm votes, there is still the civil-rights issue—on which congressional Democrats are miles apart—ready to blow things sky high. One strong hint that the Democrats may be losing the non-South Negro vote, which could be pivotal in at least nine states, came last fortnight when

N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, referring specifically to Southern congressional leaders, suggested that it is time for Negroes to swap "the known devil [the Democrats] for the suspected witch [the Republicans]."

In the face of this far-reaching crisis, Paul Butler is not likely to strike his distress flags soon. The Democratic Party's big contributors may yet come through—but they can hardly be expected to bet heavily on a horse that is running backward, especially when they don't yet know the name of the horse.

ALABAMA

Swift Justice

"To prevent a man from carrying on his lawful pursuits or activities should not be allowed anywhere in the world," said Judge Ralph E. Parker as he glowered across the bench at the four men lined up in his Birmingham courtroom last week. The four were up on misdemeanor charges only eight days after participating in the attack on Negro Singer Nat "King" Cole as he entertained an all-white audience in the Municipal Auditorium (*TIME*, April 23). As a warning against similar incidents in Birmingham, Judge Parker imposed on each the maximum six-month jail sentence and \$100 fine. Two other white-supremacy fanatics who led the charge against Cole waived preliminary hearings on more serious intent-to-murder charges, must appear before a grand jury.

Judge Parker went a step farther, declared: "It is a duty I owe the South to command Nat 'King' Cole for his conduct at, and since, the time of this unfortunate incident." Meanwhile, Negro newspapers were framing no commendations; they blasted Cole roundly for singing to a segregated audience and for declining, on grounds that "I'm an entertainer, not a politician," an invitation to join the N.A.A.C.P. Some Negro nightclubs banned his records from their jukeboxes for the same reasons; in one Harlem establishment they were ceremoniously yanked out and smashed.



Leo Thiele—Los Angeles Mirror-News
"AGONIZING APPRAISAL"

MISSOURI

Wedding Day at Independence

"I feel that marriage vows are sacred," memoired Margaret Truman recently, "and I hope that mine will be spared the hurly-burly attending a news event." Last week in Trinity Episcopal Church at Independence, Mo., where her parents were married 36 years ago, Margaret, now 32, saw her hope accomplished; she became Mrs. Elbert Clifton Daniel Jr. with more dignity and less hurly-burly than a former President's daughter and TV-radio star could expect.

A month after her engagement announcement, Margaret left Manhattan for Independence stubbornly determined on dignity. She disappeared into the family's

Secretary John Snyder, New York Real Estate Magnate William Zeckendorf, John Frederics (whose lace-crowned bridal veil Margaret wore), Italian Couturière Michel Fontana (who was commissioned to create the wedding gown because it was a Fontana dress Margaret was wearing one evening last November when she first met Daniel). The Rev. Patric Hutton, 30-year-old rector of the church, read the marriage ceremony, watched as Daniel slipped a plain gold band on his bride's finger.

After the wedding a select but friendly 250 gathered at the Truman home for a reception. After 30 minutes in the receiving line, bride and groom slipped away to catch a train for the first leg of their honeymoon in Nassau. Margaret Truman had not been the only important bride

Last week, as the perjury case came up in Federal District Court, the Justice Department was ready with 18 witnesses from Italy to swear to Icardi's guilt. But the only two witnesses to get to the stand were two Congressmen, Missouri Republican Dewey Short and Subcommittee Chairman W. Sterling Cole, Republican of New York. Under close questioning by Icardi's defense counsel, Edward Bennett Williams, 35 (who defended Joe McCarthy during the 1954 Senate censure hearings), Chairman Cole recollects that he had discussed possible perjury proceedings against Icardi before Icardi gave his testimony to the subcommittee.

Largely on the strength of Cole's admission, Lawyer Williams turned to Fed-



Associated Press

THE CLIFTON DANIELS, WITH THE DANIELS SR. (LEFT) & THE HARRY TRUMANS

The father of the bride was solemn.

14-room, white Victorian house at 219 North Delaware Street for a week's seclusion, emerged only to greet New York *Timesman* Daniel when he flew in, later to meet his parents arriving from Zebulon, N.C., then to attend a rehearsal and post-rehearsal dinner for the bridal party. On the wedding eve she relented slightly, agreed to join Daniel in a 20-minute press conference for so encamped reporters. (Sample exchange: *Newshen*: "I would like to ask what may be an embarrassing question . . ." Daniel: "Don't ask it.")

The wedding day burst fair and warm; Margaret Truman walked out of the 91-year-old house a last time on the arm of her ever-punctual, this time solemn father. A crowd had circled the Truman gate to admire her gown of antique Venetian lace, pale beige in color because "white doesn't become me." Margaret paused to smile at them, then ducked into a limousine for the five-minute, six-block journey to Trinity Church. "She looks beautiful, Mr. Truman," called a voice from the crowd. "Thank you, thank you very much," said the father of the bride. "I think so too."

The tiny, freshly painted church was half full; some 60-odd were there, including ten reporters chosen to represent the corps. The guests were relatives and friends. Among them were a handful whose names were familiar: ex-Treasury

of the week, but when it was all said and done, hers was the wedding that gave the U.S. that next-door feeling even if the nation stood on tiptoe to catch every detail of the other one.

THE LAW

Congress Off Limits

In March 1953 a two-man subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee called a Pittsburgh law clerk to Washington and asked him, in effect: Had he murdered an OSS major named William V. Holohan while they were together on a wartime mission behind the German lines in Italy in 1944? The witness was ex-Lieut. Aldo Lorenzo Icardi, 35, and the question was not unexpected. The Defense Department had already accused Icardi and a Rochester tool designer, ex-Sergeant Carl G. LoDolce, of shooting Major Holohan and dumping his body in a lake—but it could not bring them to trial because they had been honorably discharged. The Italian courts subsequently convicted Icardi and LoDolce in *absentia*. Before the subcommittee, Aldo Icardi blinked through his spectacles and denied any part in the murder. Two and a half years later a Washington grand jury indicted him for perjury on the basis of his testimony.

General Judge Raymond B. Keech to argue for dismissal. That night the judge worked until long after midnight on his decision. Next morning the courtroom was tense as he began to read it off. Principal point: Chairman Cole's subcommittee had exceeded its legitimate functions in questioning Icardi, "since neither affording an individual a forum in which to protest his innocence nor extracting testimony with a view to a perjury prosecution is a valid legislative purpose." Furthermore, the Icardi hearing amounted to a "legislative trial," and the authority of Congress to investigate "cannot be extended to sanction a legislative trial and conviction of the individual toward whom the evidence points the finger of suspicion."

After reading for 30 minutes, Judge Keech came to his final words: "I shall ask the marshal to call in the jury, and I shall direct a verdict of acquittal." Icardi broke into tears. Justice Department attorneys gaped in disbelief. Whether Aldo Icardi was guilty or innocent under terms of American justice would never be known, for Judge Keech's decision appeared to have ended, once and for all, an eleven-year, \$300,000 attempt to make a case against him. But, in doing so, the judge had laid down a sharp restriction on uninhibited congressional investigation that Congress would not soon forget.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

HENRY WALLACE TELLS HOW TO PICK VICE PRESIDENTS

Ex-Vice President HENRY A. WALLACE in This Week:

With several notable exceptions both parties have played politics with the office of vice president. This has chronically resulted in two serious faults: 1) the nomination of a vice president who was a nonentity; 2) the nomination of a vice president who believed in quite different principles from the man with whom he was running. Consider a few examples: Garner was put on the Democratic ticket with Roosevelt in 1932 as a result of a deal. He fought many of the Roosevelt policies in the Senate and if he had become President he would have destroyed a large segment of the New Deal legislation.

Vice President Dawes fought Coolidge on the matter of farm legislation. Dawes was a sop which the Republican Convention of 1924 threw to appease the farmers who, in 1924, were suffering much as they are today.

Teddy Roosevelt, when he was picked in 1900, did not stand for the cautious McKinley policies. Neither Mark Hanna nor McKinley wanted Roosevelt, but Senator Platt, the boss of New York State, said, "He will do less damage there than any other spot we could put him."

On the other side of the picture we must admit that Thomas R. Marshall and Wilson pulled together as harmoniously as Eisenhower and Nixon today. So true was Marshall to Wilson, that when Wilson was disabled he refused to take on any of the responsibilities of the presidency which he might constitutionally have assumed. To a similar but not quite the same degree Nixon kept himself in the background while Eisenhower was disabled.

Both parties owe it to the United States to name vice presidential candidates who stand for the same policies as the presidential candidates. In these days of grave national responsibility and danger, any party which names a President who stands for one policy and a vice president who stands for another should be decisively rebuked at the polls.

When Chairman Paul Butler says the Democratic party "need make no apologies for a method of selection which produced the nomination of Harry S. Truman" [in 1944, when Wallace was dropped], he is talking like a narrow-minded politician. Roosevelt had far, far less part in picking Truman than did Hannegan and Flynn, two professional politicians working closely with Edwin W. Pauley, an oil man, over a period of several months.

Week after week, while I was out of the country, they hammered at a weakened Roosevelt, who finally gave in most reluctantly. The Gallup poll published on July 18, 1944 indicated that among the rank-and-file I had 65 per cent of the vote and Truman only 2 per cent. I would have been named in 1944 if Hannegan and Flynn had kept their hands off the delegates.

Looking back now, I am glad that I did what I did and that I did not succeed to the Presidency in 1945. It took 10 or 15 years before the Democratic and Republican parties adopted the program I stood for in the early '40s—a program that was based on peace and the welfare of the world and which was criticized as "milk for Hottentots," "TVA's on the Danube," and "Globaloney."

There is no evidence for Republican Chairman Leonard Hall's statement that Roosevelt admitted in 1944 that he had made a "colossal mistake" in naming me in 1940. I agree with Hall that vice presidential candidates should not be picked in the Hannegan-Pauley way. Surely today no Republicans who dislike Nixon will organize a conspiracy like that of Flynn, Hannegan and Pauley in 1944.

VICE PRESIDENT NIXON TELLS WHERE HE STANDS

Vice President RICHARD M. NIXON, in THIS IS NIXON, by James Keogh, associate editor of TIME, published this week (Putnam; \$2.75).

I learned that it's hard to find any field where it's all black or white and that men aren't "bad"—just sometimes wrong. And even if in your opinion they're wrong, you still have to acknowledge many indefinable and legitimate differences of opinion. People say you shouldn't compromise on matters of principle. But by "principle" they usually mean what they believe in. I found that compromise is often what is right.

Concentration of power is dangerous even when it is necessary. Power corrupts even the strongest of men. We must examine with a fresh eye every function of the Federal Government. The question must arise time and again—is this power necessary? Could the state handle it better? Should it be left to private groups? Only when problems are truly national should the Federal Government intervene.

As we consider the function of education, we must always have before us the most important principle of all—education to be great, must be free. This means studying and discussing ideas we don't like as well as those we do. It has been unfortunate that at a time when we properly are denying Communist Party members the right to teach in our schools, we have a tendency to go to the other extreme of denying to our students the opportunity of learning about Communism. The distinction is a very simple but vitally important one. Teaching students to be Communists is one thing. Teaching students about Communism is another. We must never forget that the best answer to a false idea is the truth.

I have found, and I believe that most of those who are members of Congressional committees will agree, that where fair procedures are followed the investigations are most effective. It is essential to be extremely careful in this field, where a man's reputation can be destroyed by accusations of Communist affiliation, to distinguish between an individual who is a voluntary participant in the Communist conspiracy and one who innocently may have had contact with it. It is altogether possible that a completely loyal American might have joined a well-concealed Communist front or even two. When he joins a considerable number indiscriminately a grave question as to his judgment arises.

Let us always remember that we in America live under a form of government which recognizes that all men are born free and equal. We must be vigilant against the doctrines of the Bilbos and the Talmadges and the Gerald L. K. Smiths, who are just as dangerous to the preservation of the American way of life on the one hand as are the Communists on the other. Every time there is an instance of discrimination in the United States, it gives the Communists a weapon which they can use against us. This is a problem that cannot be solved by law alone. It is a problem which must be met primarily through co-operative effort by men of good will.

What counts in the final analysis of government isn't the theory, but what counts is the effect of a legislative program, what it does to people, is it good for them, is it bad for them. No Administration will win an election in the United States or will deserve to win unless its program benefits sixty million people who work for a living.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Getting It in Writing

Until last week the threat of war hung over the Middle East, even though all parties to the crisis protested that they did not want war. It took the skilled diplomacy of U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold last week to get their protestations in writing. Result: a cease-fire along the bloody Israeli-Egyptian border and a promising stillness spreading across the Middle East.

In making peace (even though it may only be temporary) Dag Hammarskjold had the enthusiastic backing of the U.S., which sponsored the U.N. resolution to create his mission. In midweek the U.N. Secretary-General received further timely help from an unexpected source. The Russian Foreign Office suddenly announced that it shared President Eisenhower's conviction that the great powers should jointly seek Middle East peace through the U.N. Naturally the Russians had reasons of their own. They had been willing to help Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser with arms in order to create mischief, but pulled back when it seemed that the mischief might turn to war—a war that could get out of hand. The Russians also undoubtedly hoped to reap an immediate benefit. What better—or more inexpensive—present could Khrushchev and Bulganin take to their hard-pressed host, Anthony Eden, than a Russian promise to work for Middle East peace?

Whatever the Kremlin's motives, its pronouncement had lightning results in the Levant. "The end of an illusion," wailed a Beirut newspaper. "Arabs can no longer play East and West against each other." In Cairo the newspaper *Al Ahram*

denounced the Russians for "meddling in the Middle East." "Iniquitous," cried Syria's Defense Minister. "The U.S.S.R. lumps aggressors with victims." And in Israel old David Ben-Gurion, sniffing the air, shed his khaki battle dress and turned up at work wearing a nonbelligerent white shirt instead.

Subtle, courtly, now puckishly smiling, now coldly decisive, pausing to tell Swedish jokes, dodging irrelevant emotionalism by declaring, "Let me discuss this as a lawyer," Dag Hammarskjold negotiated adroitly with Ben-Gurion. Before he left for Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, he had the assurance of a cease-fire on 165 miles of Israel's borders, to match the promise he had received from Nasser the week before (TIME, April 23). He had talked out Ben-Gurion's objections to stronger U.N. border patrols. He had taken a step toward his third objective, which is formulating some sort of long-term Palestine settlement to be discussed by the U.N. Security Council after he flies back to New York in May. That will be the moment when Arab and Israeli promises—and Russia's assurances—will be put to the test.

Getting into the Act

In the Middle East, as in Southeast Asia, the U.S. hopes somehow to back its friends without at the same time driving the enemies of these friends into Khrushchev's hug. It is ticklish going. So far the U.S., which more or less thought up the Baghdad Pact, has refrained from joining it for fear of antagonizing Egypt's Nasser, who considers the pact a trick to split the Arab world away from him. Last week, without quite signing the pact, the U.S. found a diplomatic way of showing its solidarity with those Moslem lands which are ready to join hands with the West.

To accomplish its delicate mission Washington sent its ablest Middle East specialist, Career Ambassador Loy Henderson, at the head of a topflight delegation of 23 observers to a Baghdad Pact council meeting in Teheran. The pact's five members—Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan and Britain—were ready with a program that accented economic rather than military measures. Henderson, backed by President Eisenhower's request for \$100 million from Congress for special Middle East aid, pitched right in. Sample projects agreed on: a joint five-nation study for development of the Tigris-Euphrates basin's water resources, a joint board to help coordinate development projects in all pact countries. Enrolling the U.S. as a full member of the pact's economic committee, Henderson sought to show that no new colonialism was intended: "We desire to work with groups of nations which have banded together for their common security and welfare, and so to strengthen them that they will demonstrate to other nations in the area that such cooperation is the true road to the achievement of national aspirations." Before the sessions



Leonard McCombe—LIFE

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD
An enemy of enmity.

ended, the U.S. also joined the pact's counter-subversion committee.

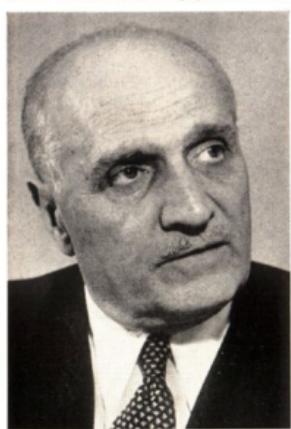
Obviously, the U.S. also hoped that the meaning of its move and its motives were not lost on Egypt's Nasser, who was off in southern Arabia last week lining up little Yemen in his neutralist military alliance.

THE SATELLITES

Exit the Red Wolf

No satellite leader tried harder to please his Soviet masters than Bulgaria's Premier Vulko ("Wolf") Chervenkov. When Stalin denounced Tito, Moscow-trained Chervenkov denounced Tito. He personally directed the trial of Traicho Kostov, who was hanged in 1949 as a "Tito spy." Chervenkov made Bulgaria into the most docile of Soviet satellites, had himself referred to as "the most faithful pupil of Stalin," plastered the country with his own picture labeled "Our Beloved Leader."

But cold-eyed, paunchy Chervenkov proved a little slow to toe the new post-Stalin line, slow to apologize to Tito and to repudiate "the cult of the individual." Three weeks ago the Bulgarian Politburo charged him with "violation of legality in the trial of Kostov," pronounced Kostov posthumously innocent, and freed his accomplices. Last week Chervenkov's comrades deposed him as Premier, relegated him to one of four Deputy Premiers. His successor: dandified Anton Yugov, 52, a home-grown hatchet man who, as Interior Minister in 1945, admittedly executed 2,000 political enemies. Tito's Yugoslavs will presumably find Yugov more friendly than the Wolf. Bulgarians are unlikely to notice much difference.



Walter Bennett

LOY HENDERSON
A friend of friends.

THE KREMLIN

Courtiers B. & K.

(See Cover)

KING: How, madame-Russians?

PRINCESS: Ay, in truth, my lord; trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
—Shakespeare, *Lover's Labour's Lost*

They came bearing royal gifts (Mongolian horses and a baby bear) to court British favor, but they were in a hostile land. Russia's Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Communist Party First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev knew it the moment their sleek cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* slid into Portsmouth harbor last week.

A 19-gun salute boomed from the British aircraft carrier *Bulwark*, and First Lord of the Admiralty Viscount Cilcennen stepped forward briskly to shake hands. "This is an historic moment," said Bulganin, shuffling past the guard of honor. On the train to London there was Château Lafite-Rothschild '50 for lunch, but when Khrushchev asked whether he could take the bottle along with him, the waiter said: "I'm sorry, I can't do that, sir. Regulations." At London's cavernous Victoria terminal Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden, towering head and shoulders above B. & K., greeted them with an official smile and a correct speech. Bulganin pulled a speech script out of his pocket, keynoted: "We have to live together on one planet." Outside Victoria, thousands of Londoners coolly watched them drive away.

Gumshoes in the Bin. At famed Claridge's, a place for princes, maharajas and others who do not count their money, a Red flag hung from the marquee masthead. Detectives had already checked the coal bins for concealed bombs, replaced foreign-born waiters and busboys with a specially screened British floor staff. A squad of 80 uniformed constables jostled the crowd outside, while inside the hotel scores of bowler-hatted Scotland Yard gumshoes threaded their way among tables crowded by Mayfair society. As B. & K. hustled through the side entrance and up the stairway to the 50-room Russian reservation, there was dead silence. Said a social voice: "Claridge's will never be the same again."

Afterwards, sightseeing around London in a four-car cavalcade escorted by 21 motorcycle cops, Nikita Khrushchev recovered his old form. When the dean of war-damaged St. Paul's Cathedral pointed to the place "where Hitler dropped his bomb," Khrushchev cracked: "Looking ahead, Dean, you won't need a repair job if an H-bomb falls." At the Tower of London, told that Tower ravens are protected because of the legend that if they disappear the British Empire will perish, Khrushchev observed mischievously: "I don't see any ravens."

Next day, as another undemonstrative crowd watched B. & K. enter Buckingham Palace "to sign the book" (the royal family was away at Windsor), police jumped on a small boy with a toy air rifle, hustled

him away. At the Soviet embassy luncheon, over vodka and caviar, Khrushchev made an appeal to British reasonableness: "Both in the Conservative Party and in the ranks of the Opposition there are those who are in favor and those who are against our visit. We regard such a situation as natural, and it does not embarrass us." Khrushchev softly pleaded for peaceful coexistence: "As people say, you have to live with the neighbor that God has sent you and not the neighbors you would like to have."

Later at Downing Street, packed from end to end by a curious and curiously quiet crowd, the official talks began under strict wraps "to encourage Russian frankness." That night at No. 10, Prime Minister Eden gave a banquet, at which Britain's great appeared in "lounge suits" in

the route. Said Khrushchev: "I'm not displeased. It shows some people have spirit."

Old Saws. At the Mansion House the elite of London's financial and industrial world was waiting to meet them. As they took their seats in the vast gold-columned Egyptian hall, they were serenaded by the Honorable Artillery Company band. Bulganin replied to toasts in a long, rambling speech which made the assembled capitalists fidget. When he quoted "an old Russian saying that Moscow was not built in a day," the hall rocked with laughter, without Bulganin having any idea what the joke was about.

That evening at the Royal Naval College in Greenwich, as guests of the Admiralty, it was Khrushchev's turn to talk. The "only way out" of the present world situation, Khrushchev suggested, is "to



Fox

EDEN, BULGANIN & KRUSHCHEV AT VICTORIA STATION
Having taken Hitler's worst, London could take B. and K.'s best.

deference to their guests' limited wardrobe. B. & K. came in voluminous gabardine topcoats over grey suits. But the hit of the evening was Sir Winston Churchill, pink and beaming at the old familiar door, waving a cigar and giving a V sign. Bulganin gave a jovial speech in which he obliquely compared Khrushchev to Churchill.

At breakfast next morning cops intercepted a letter for B. & K. It contained one snub-nosed bullet and a warning that "each of you will get one of these inside you." On the way to the Lord Mayor of London's luncheon, there were boos along

give up war altogether" and "ultimately to abolish armed forces." Entering the college, B. & K. had been rudely greeted by a loudspeaker from across the river Thames: "Here come Marshal Bulganin and Khrushchev. They are here to destroy mankind and disrupt our Empire." The voice was that of a member of the League of Empire Loyalists which, earlier in the week, had presented Prime Minister Eden with a 10-ft.-long wooden spoon to illustrate on old—but non-Russian—saying: "He must have a long spoon who sups with the Devil."

Something had plainly changed in Lon-



BOLSHEVIKS ENTERING THE ROYAL PALACE
Bim and Boni of Buckingham.

Brian Seed—LIFE

don since Georgy Malenkov's enthusiastic welcome only three weeks before. The pinpricks (or possibly worse) from disgruntled exiles and refugees (there are a quarter of a million Iron Curtain exiles in Britain) had been expected and discounted. But where were the lipsticke heavy shopgirls and the schoolchildren eager to be bemused by the poly-poly Russians? The subtle, artful labors of Foreign Office schedule-makers, hoping to keep B. & K. from public contact, had proved an unnecessary precaution.

London, which had taken Hitler's worst, could also take Khrushchev and Bulganin's best.

The fact was that in its first five days, the B. & K. act was proving one of the great flops of modern diplomacy. In full view of the world, and unexpectedly, they had fallen flat on their faces. What had gone wrong? Hadn't they forehandedly sent Malenkov ahead, and hadn't he reported the atmosphere friendly? Of course, all those disagreeable press fellows led by *Punch* Editor Malcolm Muggeridge had been stirring up trouble. And it had been a serious tactical mistake to send Khrushchev's unsavory friend, MVD General Ivan Serov, to check up on security precautions. But something deeper was involved in Britain's changed mood. Its root lay in Khrushchev's recent exposure of Stalin as a mass murderer, anti-Semitic traitor and fool. There was something extremely distasteful in receiving the mad Stalin's old associates, and acknowledged heirs, at a moment when his—and their—crimes were so vividly in the public mind.

Visiting Britain's atomic research center at Harwell, B. & K. met their first British workingman: Vincent McCarthy, 35, a member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. McCarthy shot a direct question at Khrushchev: "Can we expect that the Russian government will now progress to the point where they can withstand criticism from free trade unions and religious denominations without having to apply pressure?" Khrushchev was

determined to turn his back on taunts. He answered: "If you take into account our point of view, we will take into account yours. If we start criticizing each other, we shall not get anywhere."

Meeting such hostility was nothing new to Nikita Khrushchev. What had been new was the spontaneous mass enthusiasm he had stirred during his Asian tour last year. He was not used to having such crowds with him. Dealing with hostility has been his specialty.

Man for the Job. Khrushchev's big thrust for power began back in 1937 when Stalin picked him to pacify the Ukraine, then in ferment as a result of Stalin's brutal collectivization of the rich farm lands. What made Khrushchev the right man for the job was that he was a peasant and could be expected to handle the peasants in terms they understood.

Nikita Khrushchev had been born in a mud-and-reed hut in the village of Kallinovka on the Kursk steppe, where as a barefoot boy he had tended cattle. He grew up to have the Russian peasant's rough manners (even today he sometimes stuffs his mouth with food at public banquets, picks his teeth with his fingers). He was short (5 ft., 5 in.) and thickset with a round face and jowls ears. He had small, dark, merry, merciless eyes and was as shrewd and crafty as he looked.

In 1918 he joined the Bolshevik Party and got an intense, if defective, party education. On his untrammeled peasant mind Marxist-Leninist theory had the power of revelation. He took the Stalinist line and stuck to it. Thus he became one of the realists of Communism, an undeviating supporter of power-in-being. With his bull-like energy, ready grasp of slogans, he was soon shouldering his way through the party ranks.

Taking Over. In the Ukraine, Khrushchev (at 43) became absolute boss of a country three times the size of England and almost as populous. He spoke Russian with a phony Ukrainian accent, put on an embroidered Ukrainian shirt and wore a

kartuz (workingman's cap). He went everywhere, bawling out party organizers, bureaucrats and collective farm managers, but he listened carefully to the agricultural experts sent in from Moscow. He exchanged quips with the farmers, drank buckets of vodka, and got a laugh out of most situations. Behind the façade of bonhomie he was ruthlessly liquidating all who stood in the way of Stalin's plans. Stubborn peasants were turned over to his friend, NKVD Colonel Ivan Serov, and shipped off in boxcars to Siberia; Jewish culture in the Ukraine was (to use a recent Communist phrase) "wiped out."

But Khrushchev's principal and most expert job was reconstructing the Ukrainian Communist Party. The old leaders, including his predecessor Stanislav Kossior, were executed, and the membership recast. The new party was a tight, tough instrument of Stalinist policy.*

Khrushchev subsequently had his ups and downs with Stalin. In World War II (and after becoming a full-fledged member of the Politburo), he was sent back to the Ukraine.

Last February, at the 20th party congress in Moscow, he elected to tell party leaders about some of his troubles with Stalin.

During the first German attack on the Ukraine, Khrushchev had called Stalin to ask for more guns, but Stalin had refused to answer the phone, put Malenkov on the line instead to say that all available guns were being sent to Leningrad. Later, after the Red army counterattacked at Kharkov, Khrushchev had called Stalin at his summer resort to ask for a change of plan. Again Stalin had got Malenkov to say no, with the result that Kharkov was lost and the overextended Red army driven back across the Don. The old dictator had also treated him contemptuously, Khrushchev complained, called him *Khokhol*, a derogatory Russian name for a Ukrainian. "*Khokhol*, dance the *gopak*," Stalin had ordered at a Kremlin party. The *gopak* is a fast, vigorous Ukrainian dance, and the 52-year-old Nikita had danced it. Stalin, in his last days, said Khrushchev tearfully, "was so sickly suspicious and obsessed" that he often looked at people like Khrushchev and asked: "Why are you so shifty today? Why have you today turned your eyes the other way? Why do you not look me straight in the face?"

But it was not fear of Stalin that made Khrushchev accept the job of secretary of the Moscow region party committee in 1949. Three years later, at the 19th party congress, it was plain gratitude which made him say, "Our beloved Stalin, great leader and genius-like teacher," as he accepted one of the ten key secretariats of the new party Central Committee. The truth was Stalin liked and encouraged Khrushchev. Immediately after the dic-

* In Kiev in 1939 a man in the uniform of a railroad official threw a bomb into the compartment of a train in which Khrushchev was sitting. Two passengers traveling with Khrushchev were killed. (The small slit scar under his nose is believed to be a memento of this incident.)

tator's death Khrushchev had inherited enough of Stalin's power within the party structure to take over the party secretaryship, Stalin's old job, from Georgy Malenkov, who became Premier.

Jeweled Cuff Links. The Soviet story in the past three years is largely the story of Nikita Khrushchev's effort to wear the mantle of Stalin's leadership.

He threw himself into the struggle with all the old vigor of his Ukrainian days. By now he wore the best clothes that Moscow could buy, dark suits and white shirts with jeweled cuff links. But his method was old and roughhewn: reorganize the party from the grass roots upwards. He launched a series of campaigns against inefficient bureaucrats, bad building, poor farming. The campaigns gave him the opportunity to shift party personnel. In his great Virgin Lands project he created a place to send the unwanted. In a couple of years he had shifted some 20% to 25% of the 327,500 party secretaries in the Soviet Union.

He had been able to make only a few shifts in the top party apparatus, the most important of which was to get Serov in the top State Security job. But neither Khrushchev nor Serov could liquidate in the old Stalin way. Not only did they not yet have the power, but there was strong resistance within the party and among the mass of Russian people against a return of a Stalinist-type dictatorship.

In his brief period as Party Secretary, Georgy Malenkov, evidently sensing this feeling, had appointed an old Communist named Andreev to the Party Control apparatus with orders to liberalize the prison system. Andreev had released some thousands of old politicals before Khrushchev was able to fire him. Complained Khrushchev: "Because some cases have been set aside, some comrades have begun to manifest a certain distrust for the workers of the State Security agencies." Seeing a minor victory over the hated police, people began to manifest a desire for other freedoms. Premier Malenkov promised them masses of consumer goods, but before this radical idea could get off the ground he was demoted to the Ministry of Electrical Power Stations.

Khrushchev could hit his own broad chest at an embassy party and say, "I am heavy industry—boom, boom," then tap Malenkov's chest and say, "He is light industry—peep, peep." Or at another party a tipsy Khrushchev could embrace Malenkov and weep, "The capitalist press says I want to hang my little Georgy." In the Kremlin jungle game of tiger eat tiger, humor is saher-toothed.

To cover a situation of stalemate in the power struggle, the old Leninist phrase "collective leadership" was revived. The apparatus Stalin left behind was neither youthful, vigorous, nor rich in ideas. Some oldtimers like Molotov (66) are apparently slated for retirement, or about to be kicked upstairs, say, to the presidency in place of aging (75), ailing Marshal Voroshilov, who has taken to drinking heavily. Khrushchev, at 62, is in

no shape to engage in a long-term fight and this makes him basically unsure of his position. On the other hand there is Malenkov (54) and a group of Central Committee secretaries, such as Mikhail Suslov, Peter Pospelov and Dmitry Shepilov (who masterminded the Czech arms deal with Nasser), whose main concern seems to be a desire to see that no one else gets too much power. This leaves the balance of power to be exercised, in uneasy tension, by such forces as the Red marshals (backed by the army cadres in the party), the industrial elite (technocrat commissars), or the bureaucracy. When it became clear to the party leaders a couple of years ago that this situation was unlikely to resolve itself for some time to come, and certainly not without great internal stress, they saw that what was needed for their mutual and collective protection was a long period of peace and

free to work out their quarrels in peace at home. First Khrushchev and Mikoyan went to Red China to insure Mao's friendship with promises of new industrial supplies. Then they ate crow at the lean table of the renegade Tito, where Nikita stayed drunk most of the time. After that came the parley at the summit, which they bought into cheaply by freeing Austria. But for all the sweet talk at Geneva, the Russians were unwilling (or felt no need) to make any real end to the cold war in Europe, or agree to any solution of the big problem, which was Germany. B. and K. went galumphing off to India and Burma where in a riot of flowers and oriental emotionalism Khrushchev hit his old demagogic stride. Asian adulation went to Nikita's head. Those who were waiting for Communism to crumble (*i.e.*, the West), he told *Pravda* readers, would have "to wait until shrimps learn to whistle."

Home from his foreign exploits, Khrushchev began preparing for his major triumph as First Secretary: dominating his first party congress. His 47,000-word speech was loaded with tables of production, learned quotes from Lenin, and exhortations to efficiency and greater production. It sounded like (and might easily have been) a rehash of one of Stalin's old speeches. In Stalin's mighty fashion, Khrushchev took lofty cracks at top party comrades, referred to Malenkov as an "incorrigible braggart," and told how it had been "necessary to correct" Molotov on an important ideological point.

It was the attitude of a man who undoubtedly considered himself Stalin's legitimate heir. But crafty little Anastas Mikoyan, the Armenian trader, had been chosen to deliver a speech (obviously approved by others in the leadership) which snatched the rug out from under Nikita's big feet. Mikoyan attacked Stalin's *Short Course of the History of the Party*, for years the ideological basis of all such Communists as Khrushchev. He dismissed Stalin's phony account of the civil war and talked of "party leaders of that time who were wrongly declared to have been enemies of the people." Adding insult to injury, Mikoyan named Khrushchev's liquidated predecessor Kossior as one such and asserted, to the sound of laughter, that "Ukrainian historians will be found who will write a history of the emergence and development of the Ukrainian socialist state better than some Moscow historians." The speech, opening up the whole case against Stalin, and by implication the complicity of his associates, was a sensation.

For two days it was withheld from print. Then, as the 20th congress ended, Khrushchev called his famous secret meeting in which he tearfully blabbed the whole story of Stalin's mass murders, torturings and evil motives. Nikita's reasons could be deduced: if the party was going to open that one up, he was going to be chief opener. If they intended to pin a guilt label to him, he would show that they were all equally guilty. By twice in-



KHRUSHCHEV & FRIEND
Up and down with Joe.

security. This brought up the question of foreign policy.

Points of Parties. The "collective leaders" suddenly emerged as partygoers. None was more popular than round, ruddy-faced Nikita with his big smile and happy hand-clasp. When engaged in engrossing conversation he grabbed his victim by the lapel or arm, or finger-pinch him vigorously in the chest. When bored (which was seldom), his eyes assumed a far away look. When in his cups (which was often), a scar under his nose and the three moles on his cheeks stood out from his flushed face. He offended the French by saying that in Paris (which he has never visited) "you cannot walk down a street without being accosted by a woman." Such bluff, blunt indiscretions were at least human—and something new in Soviet foreign relations. But this was not all.

The Communist leaders were willing to make concessions abroad in order to be

dicating in his speech that Georgy Malenkov was Stalin's most trusted collaborator, he wanted to make certain that Malenkov (whom Muscovites now somewhat affectionately call *Georgy Neudachnik*—Georgy the Unsuccessful) came in for his share of guilt.

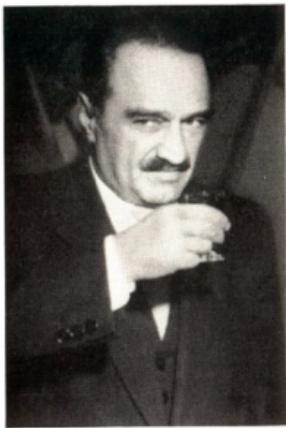
Leaked to the world press and foreign diplomats at a French embassy party (attended by Mikoyan), the story exploded on the foreign Communist Parties and rebounded in the Soviet Union with atomic force. In Soviet newspapers it was the signal for an intense campaign against "the cult of personality." Ostensibly the campaign was directed against the dead Stalin, and busts of the dictator began falling all over the land. But it was also a warning to Khrushchev. The subsequent acknowledgment of Stalin's anti-Semitism was also a reminder of Khrushchev's work in the Ukraine. As the Central Committee began rehabilitating liquidated Red army officers, Nikita's chosen partner Bulganin suffered a severe loss of prestige. Marshal Zhukov, who had been downgraded (and all but liquidated) by top military commissar Bulganin at the high point of his great wartime victories, had an old score to settle.

In Moscow, where people are quick to catch the political drift, anyone can get a laugh today by starting out in high-pitched Russian, "*Ya i moi droog . . .*" a phrase which appears often in Khrushchev's speeches, meaning "I and my friend . . ." i.e., Bulganin. Jokes about Bim and Bom, famed Russian circus clowns, have suddenly found a new popularity in Moscow.

Boo & Chant. In Britain last week Bim and Bom (or B. & K.) doggedly labored at their act, even though their audiences were cool. At Oxford some 5,000 people, mostly students, broke police lines to crowd around them boozing and chanting: "Poor old Joe, poor old Joe!" (to the tune of Stephen Foster's *Old Black Joe*). Bulganin stood up smiling and raising his arms like a boxer acknowledging applause, signed autographs and patted student cheeks. In New College quadrangle, students set off a huge firecracker which made B. & K. jump, led Bulganin to quip: "Are they making an atomic bomb?"

It was now clear that the traveling troubadours wanted, and perhaps badly needed, a success in Britain to take home. "Come to Russia," Khrushchev told Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell. "It's not the same now." They were wooing not only Britons. As Khrushchev told Eden: "We hope you'll help us to have friendlier relations with the U.S." To gain their end, they might yet give Sir Anthony Eden some concession that he could regard as a diplomatic victory. If the Russians had any genuine concessions to make, so much the better. But gone was the worried feeling in many an Englishman's heart that other Englishmen (though of course not himself) might prove dangerously susceptible to Soviet blandishments.

The British were, in fact, beginning to



© Lestilova O.
FIRST DEPUTY PREMIER MIKOYAN
He pulled the rug.

take their two sinister visitors more lightly. At week's end the spectacle at Windsor Castle of the Soviet Premier and the First Secretary of the Communist Party gallantly presenting the Queen of England with a sable stole no longer appalled; instead it appealed to the British sense of the ludicrous. Said one old lady: "They look like two little boys blown up by bicycle pumps."

Goodbye to the Cominform

Eighteen of Stalin's top international incendiaries met in Poland in 1947 "to reorganize the general staff of the world revolution." The Cominform they created, even more than the old Comintern that Stalin had diplomatically dissolved in wartime 1943, failed to set the world on fire. Barely a year later, Tito's Yugoslavia split off from Stalin's world, and the furious tyrant turned the energy of the Cominform to attacking and destroying Tito. It failed at that, too.

Apart from the Russians and their six Eastern European satellites, only the French and Italian Communist Parties ever belonged to the Cominform. From a shabby headquarters in Bucharest it waged an increasingly desultory paper war against Tito. When Stalin's successors finally denounced Stalin himself, the Cominform was doomed. Last week in Moscow, largely as a gesture to Tito, First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan announced its end, and professed to find the whole thing unimportant. "They put out a paper," said Mikoyan, "I think." Tito congratulated Russia's new bosses on their "brave and bold" course, but just in case anyone really thought the end of the Cominform meant the beginning of a new era, *Pravda* pointed out that the Cominform dissolution "in no way means a weakening of links between Communist Parties"—and *Pravda* should know.

ITALY

The Red Devil

All over Europe, Communists have made great play with their claim of having been the greatest anti-fascist and resistance fighters of them all. Faced with evidence that they had murdered, betrayed or eliminated non-Communist leaders, Communists retort that their critics are trying to impugn the glory of the resistance, and besides, it was wartime, spies were everywhere, and things were confused.

Nowhere has this defense been more effective than in Italy, where close to a dozen Deputies have been enjoying parliamentary immunity for years untouched by allegations of wartime crimes. Most conspicuous of these was hard-drinking, high-living Deputy Francesco Moranino, who was only 24 when he commanded the 12th Garibaldi Division of Red Partisans in Italy's northern hills and styled himself, in the local dialect, *Gemisto*—the Devil. The Communists hailed him as a patriotic hero; the country was in a mood to accept their estimate, and De Gasperi made him an under secretary in his 1947 Cabinet.

Safe Conduct. At that time few knew the story of how five non-Communist partisans led by one Emanuele Strasser had disappeared in the Devil's territory late in the war. Moranino insisted that he had had them guided to safety in Switzerland. Then in 1947 the bodies were discovered buried by a mountain road near Moranino's headquarters—and far short of the Swiss border. Moranino changed his tale, said they had been executed as Fascist spies, and shrugged off accusations from the safety of his parliamentary immunity. But the relatives of the murdered men persisted, and the police began to accumulate evidence that even Moranino's fellow Communists could not talk away. Early last year the Chamber of Deputies voted to suspend Deputy Moranino's immunity. By that time Moranino had fled to Communist Prague. Last month he went on trial *in absentia* in Florence's court of assizes.

A brutal story of treachery unfolded at the trial. Strasser was an authentic hero of the resistance, with an unimpeachable anti-Fascist record. Trained by the OSS at Bari, he and an aide were slipped into Genoa in mid-1944 to report German troop movements and to establish liaison with resistance groups. When he lost his radio in a Gestapo raid, he and his companion lit out for the hills. He found Devil Moranino, and assuming him to be a fellow patriot and partisan, asked Moranino to get him to Switzerland, where he would be able to re-establish contact with the Allies.

Strasser discovered that Moranino's Reds were grabbing more than their share of the arms dropped by the Allies. He declared that he was going to tell the Allies so. Moranino saw to it that he did not. Supplying a guide and safe-conduct passes, Moranino sent Strasser and four other non-Communist partisan leaders off into



When protection cannot be "almost" complete

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the mountains for Switzerland. At the trial, the ex-partisan guide admitted that on Moranino's orders, he led the five men along an Alpine road to a brush-covered hillock, where six Moranino men waited. Spotting them, Strassera cried: "We're friends. We are going to Switzerland." He was still waving his safe-conduct pass and talking when bullets cut him short. Destroying the evidence, the Reds buried their victims hastily beside the road, took their money and papers back to Moranino. The Devil gave the killers 300 lire (then about \$3) each. One of them testified: "We realized the killings were not very clean, but we had our own lives to worry about."

Two of the murdered men had left their wives and children in a hut in a nearby village. When weeks passed without word from their husbands, they went to Moranino's headquarters and asked for news. A few nights later, two Moranino partisans called at the hut, told them Moranino wanted to see them. As they were passing the local cemetery, the partisans pulled out revolvers and shot the women dead. They roused the cemetery keeper and ordered him to bury the bodies. The cemetery keeper testified: "The partisans were pleased because snow was falling and it covered the bloodstains."

Other ex-partisans testified to Moranino's calculated treachery to supposed allies. A rival Socialist group was wiped out when Moranino's Reds deliberately retreated on either side of them without warning. A leader of an Allied mission charged with arranging for arms drops testified that, late in the war, a Moranino aide confided to him drunkenly: "Now that we have the arms, we don't need you any more." A few weeks later Moranino's Reds again retreated abruptly in the midst of a German assault. The Allied mission was annihilated.

Political Crime. Italian Communism marshaled its biggest guns in defense of their hero, led by Partisan Chief Luigi Longo, now a Deputy. But, faced with the evidence, the Communist defense had to acknowledge that the victims were neither spies nor Fascists, and that it had been a "tragic mistake." Retorted the public prosecutor: "It was a dry and cold-blooded common crime . . . infamous, indecent, cruel murder."

Under Italian law the seven killings could be judged an act of war (no penalty), a political crime (ten years imprisonment) or a common crime (life imprisonment). To underline his point that such killings were done on party orders and not just by one individual's impulse, the prosecutor asked for a finding of political crime. After eight hours of deliberation, the court so found.

A ten-year sentence would scarcely affect Moranino in his Prague sanctuary, where he lives with a Communist mistress and runs the Communist radio program beamed at Italy. But it was a verdict long overdue on the crimes of many another Communist who put his party above his country even in wartime.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Flutter on Harold

Spruce in black coat and striped trousers, Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan was the very model of a Tory Cabinet member and Edwardian gentleman as he anxiously rose in the House of Commons to present his first budget.

First, Macmillan rehearsed the melancholy facts beneath Britain's hectic prosperity—the rising prices at home, the declining exports abroad, the dwindling gold and dollar reserves as imports soared. "The economy is still running at a very high level," he said, "but there is really no future in importing extra materials that we cannot afford, in order to turn them into extra goods that we do not export." Like workers in a candy factory,



Topical
CHANCELLOR MACMILLAN & BUDGET
A raffle in the candy factory.

Britons were gobbling up too much of their own products, and sooner or later the law of economics would catch up with them. Macmillan conceived his peculiar problem to be "to moderate the boom."

The Gamble. Within its own borders, Britain had a whopping surplus (\$1.2 billion), but Macmillan refused to flirt with any idea of a tax cut. Instead, he increased taxes on company profits, tacked another few shillings on leaf tobacco to raise the price of a pack of cigarettes to 54¢, and lifted the subsidy on bread (thus increasing the cost of a loaf to 12¢). Mostly he aimed at forcing the public to keep its money in bank or sock instead of buying what should be exported.

His prize surprise proposal brought howls of laughter from both sides of the House. He proposed a new £1 bond, which would pay no interest at all. Instead, the interest would be put in a pool, and every three months the holder would

stand a chance of winning up to \$2,800 tax-free in a lottery held by the government. Anticipating moral objections, Macmillan insisted: "This is not gambling, for the subscriber cannot lose."

In a nation whose favorite weekly pastime is "having a flutter" by risking six-pence in football pools on the chance of winning \$280,000, the proposal was hailed with glee. "Honest Harold always pays," headlined the Laborite *Daily Mirror*. "Give him your quid and you might win £1,000. Gambling? Oh dear, no!"

The Grumble. As expected, some church leaders grumbled about immorality. Laborite Harold Wilson taunted: "Now Britain's strength, freedom and solvency apparently depend on the proceeds from a squalid raffle." The left-wing *New Statesman and Nation* labeled Macmillan's proposal "the birth of the windfall state." But the august *London Times* defended the new bond, and so did the *Financial Times*.

A more serious criticism of Macmillan's budget was its failure to attack Britain's basic problem: lagging productivity. The latest treasury bulletin for industry exposed it baldly: since 1950, British wages have risen by 45% while output per man increased by only 7%. In the same period, when German wages increased by 40%, output increased by 38%. The *Daily Express* put Britain's condition bluntly: "Too little work for too much money."

MONACO

Moon Over Monte Carlo

The *Grace Kelly Story*, as Hollywood might have called it, was the stuff that celluloid dreams are made of, but the reality kept threatening to get in the way of the romance. With lovely Grace herself to play the part of the screen-star daughter of an American bricklayer turned millionaire, and Monaco's own Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III, as her handsomely betrothed, the plot was the kind that producers understand and fans love. But Hollywood, Philadelphia, and Ruritania are far easier to mix on film than they are in fact: so pat a plot raised the question whether two hearts were meeting or merely two dazzling luminaries being drawn to each other. The gala celebrations at Monaco last week began to sound like a Graustark script cynically brought up to date by Ben Hecht. Or so it seemed in the beginning.

The Crowd Descends. Prince Rainier's tiny, near-bankrupt gambling principality was suddenly swelled by an invasion of wildly ill-assorted guests, invited and uninvited: friends and members of the bride's and groom's own families, the Kellys from Philadelphia, the Grimaldis and Polignacs from diverse corners of Europe, a kaleidoscopic assortment of celebrities from both sides of the Atlantic, ballet troupes from London and Paris, sailors from visiting warships, a scattering of second-class princelings, an unidentified covey of international thieves (who got away with a whopping \$150,000 during the



INTERNATIONAL

PRINCE & PRINCESS EXCHANGE FIRST GLANCE BEFORE ALTAR

"Oui, Je Veux"

FOR all the pomp and circumstance, the wedding ceremony in the small Cathedral of St. Nicholas in Monaco last week was a simple, age-old sacrament, which in its essence is no different for a princess than for the humblest shopkeeper's daughter. Like most European brides, Grace Kelly arrived first to take her place before the high altar, was joined there three minutes later by Rainier. As they sat, hands clasped, the Bishop of Monaco addressed them softly in French: "Both of you are aware of the duties of marriage . . . You are both children of God."

For their most solemn moment, both bride and groom rose to make their responses. "Rainier-Louis-Henri-Maxence-Bertrand, will you take Grace Patricia, here present, for your lawful wife, according to the rite of our holy Mother, the Church?" The bridegroom replied: "*Je veux* (I will)." Then in her turn, Grace Kelly responded: "*Oui, je veux*." As the full-toned *Gloria* shook the cathedral, Grace, Princess of Monaco, knelt beside her husband for the Mass, her head humbly bowed in prayer.



IN HUSHED CHAPEL, FLANKED BY ATTENDANTS, FAMILY AND CLERGY, BRIDE & GROOM HEAR BISHOP'S SERMON

THOMAS MCNAUL—LIFE

NEWS IN PICTURES





Associated Press

THE HONEYMOONING HIGHNESSES At the dream's end, a real beginning.

festivities), and some 1,600 accredited representatives of the world's press, mostly self-centered and angry.

Fighting bravely to retain their franchise, the moviemakers—in the person of a top M-G-M costume designer—had provided suitable wedding costumes, but everywhere the actors in the play were forgetting their lines and ad-libbing with dire results. Europe's reigning royalty, to a man, refused to show up at all. Hordes of jostled press photographers, miffed at having to wait for hours in the rain while luckier invited guests danced away the night at the famed International Sporting Club, openly boozed and hissed the bridal pair when they at last appeared.

Somewhere in the ruckus, Britain's Randolph Churchill picked a fight with his wealthy countrywoman, Lady Docker, and screamed aloud: "I didn't come here to meet vulgar people like the Kellys." A learned representative of the French Academy, Europe's high temple of culture, launched a formal complaint when Monaco's Prince refused to permit the reading of an ode especially written for the occasion by Academician Jean Cocteau, on the grounds that it was too effusive. Highballing away the nights and days in their hotel suites just as though they were in the good old Bellevue-Stratford, Jack Kelly's pals from Philly sent him practical jokes in the form of telegrams. "Report back to the Palace, Kelly," said one. "Your furlough is up." President Eisenhower's personal representative, Hotelman Conrad Hilton, on arrival brushed aside the suggestion that he might want to build a Monaco Hilton: "We never build in resorts or small towns."

The Solemn Moment. By now around the world, great leagues of newswriters sought to bestir readers with a picture of the great events, painted in shades ranging from the jaded blue notes of bur-

lesque to the cloying clichés of a Victorian novelette. London's *Daily Express* front-paged the news that the American radio sponsor for the wedding broadcast was the Peter Pan brassière company. Saloon-Gossipist Earl Wilson informed his readers that "Rainier and Grace were real smoochy at the party for bridesmaids." Other reporters, sending out breathless bulletins, had a hard time agreeing on the details (*see Press*).

Somewhere behind this nightmare phantasmagoria of publicity and exploitation, however, two human beings were approaching a solemn moment in which each planned to pledge his life to the other. In the maelstrom of confused protocol and embattled public relations, the strain of that moment was beginning to show on each. Rainier fidgeted nervously during the 16-minute civil ceremony in the palace throne room that made them man and wife in the eyes of Monaco law. By the following day, the wear and tear on his fiancee was beginning to show in telltale circles beneath her coolly beautiful blue eyes. At least one member of the wedding party, Newlywed Actress Rita Gam, got so wrought up that she had to be put under doctor's care.

The Vows. By 6 o'clock on the morning of the wedding day, the happy citizenry of Monaco, glutted with public displays, fireworks, royal salutes and dancing in the streets, began to stream up the hill toward St. Nicholas Cathedral. The church was half-filled at 10, when Egypt's far ex-King Farouk (the only even near representative of royalty to appear) came lumbering up the carpeted central staircase that was reserved for the bridal party. An alert guard decoyed him to one side. Seated way up front was Britain's frail old Author Somerset Maugham, complaining of cold feet. Near by sat swart Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipping ty-

coon, whose ownership of the gambling casino is a far more significant fact in Monte Carlo than the rule of Prince Rainier. Filling other rows were the aging, wheelchair-bound Aga Khan and his beauteous Begum, the French Academy's André Maurois, Broadway's soignée Ilka Chase, and Jack Kelly's pals from Philly.

By 10:30 the guests were all in place. Two minutes later, Grace Patricia Kelly of Hollywood, trailing a lace train ten feet long, entered the cathedral on the arm of her father. As she knelt before a gold and scarlet *prie-dieu*, a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of her husband-to-be. Tense and nervous, the two sat side by side in the cathedral sanctuary, listening in a hush to a brief sermon by the Bishop of Monaco. Then, in the simple ritual of an ancient faith, they vowed lifelong fidelity each to the other. Rainier slipped the wedding ring halfway onto Grace's finger, and, like many a bride before her, Grace came to his aid and with a sure hand slid the ring firmly home.

It was time for the words "The End" to close in as the royal yacht bore the happy couple off to a honeymoon somewhere behind the setting sun. But for the bricklayer's daughter, Grace Patricia Kelly Grimaldi, and her Graustarkian Prince, it was, after all, less an end than, as in real life, only the beginning.

THAILAND

The Golden Lining

In Thailand every cloud, even one so dark as the ill-omened Year of the Goat, has a silver—and sometimes a gold—lining. Just as the astronomers had predicted, the Year of the Goat was bad. Day after day it plunged Thailand into gloom with the revelation of one misfortune after another; two solar eclipses in one year, a holiday bus crash in which 22 people died, the deaths of a number of prominent Thais. Only last week, on the very eve of the goat's departure, a live bomb accidentally fell from an air force plane and killed 27 Thais.

All this made frolicsome old Kamthorn Visutphol stop and think. Merchant, banker and millionaire many times over, Kamthorn was rich in more ways than one. He had six wives, 25 children and, as an extra bonus from nature, eleven fingers. But, what with the astrologers and all, even Kamthorn could never be quite confident, so that it was in the Year of the Goat that he first began to listen attentively when the local priest, Abbott Phra Viradhammuni of the Trai Mitra monastery, begged him for the thousandth time to help build a temple.

Trai Mitra was a poor parish, its only material blessing a nondescript Buddha which stood under an old tin shed, and for years the abbot had been trying in vain to get old Kamthorn to do something about it. The Year of the Goat turned the trick. Kamthorn donated \$35,000. A new temple was built, and workmen set about moving the statue

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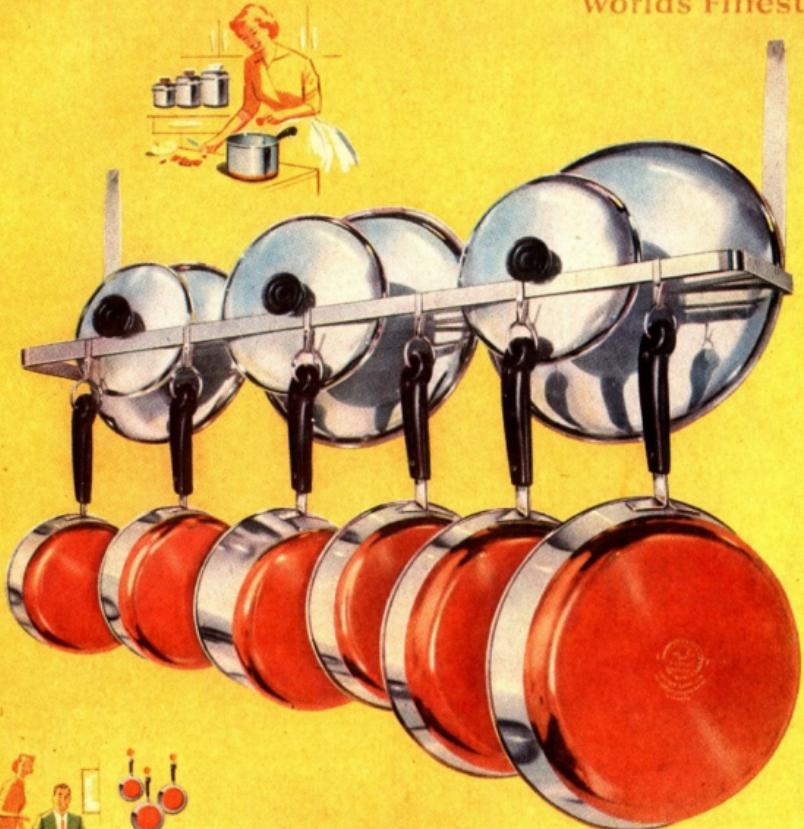
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into its new home. But the goat was still at work, and in the midst of the heavy task the workmen's cable broke, and the Buddha crashed to the ground, badly cracked. To the priests' surprise, the plaster was only a shell; beneath it shone the glint of metal. Trai Mitra's old plaster Buddha was a mere mummy case concealing a beautiful sculptured image wrought of 60% gold. Though to the pious Buddhist one divine image is as valuable as another, regardless of intrinsic worth, it was nice to know that infinitesimal estimated the worth of Trai Mitra's prize at close to \$3,000,000.

By last week donations and sightseers alike were pouring into the newly wealthy temple. But in his diabolical way the goat was still busy. In forgotten temples all over the land, to the consternation of the devout, Buddhists were hacking away hopefully and irreverently at any plaster Buddhas they could find.

INDONESIA

Death Before the Verdict

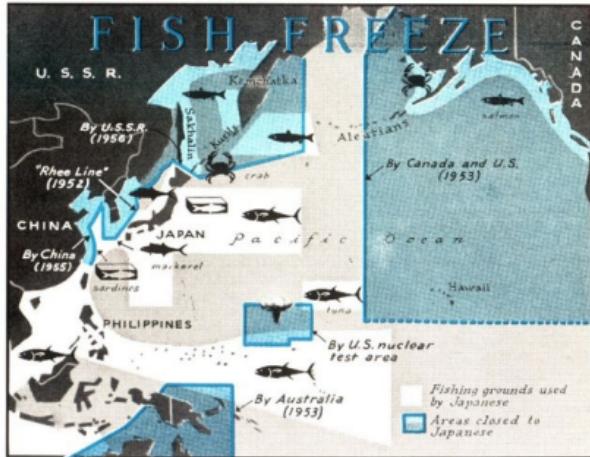
For 15 months Leon Nicolaas Jung-schlaeger sat on trial for his life in a steaming Djakarta courtroom, in a case that came to symbolize and then to widen the bitter gulf between the young Republic of Indonesia and its former Dutch masters. As head of Dutch military intelligence in Indonesia, Jung-schlaeger had helped put down the bloody 1947-49 rebellion; when he later returned to Indonesia as a private citizen, he was arrested on a charge of subversion. The prosecutor demanded the death penalty, and since the trial violated all the standards of courtroom justice, Leon Jung-schlaeger seemed sure to get it. He was scheduled to hear his fate this week.

In stead, Jung-schlaeger, weighing 40 lbs. less than he had at the time of his arrest, complained of feeling ill and was taken to a Dutch hospital, suffering from hypertension. Last week, after two swift cerebral hemorrhages, he died in the presence of his wife, a priest, and two armed guards who had watched him day and night. The Dutch Parliament in The Hague stood in silence in honor of his death, and Queen Juliana sent Mrs. Jung-schlaeger her personal condolences. Jung-schlaeger's prosecutor was clearly disappointed by the turn of events. "A vexing development," he called it.

JAPAN

Forbidden Waters

In the open waters of the Northern Pacific seas, the huge salmon were beginning an instinctive journey westward toward their spawning grounds in the rushing rivers of Kamchatka, Sakhalin and Siberia's eastern shores. Always before they had been met by thousands of Japanese fishing boats, which plucked almost all of Japan's important salmon catch from the northern waters. But this year the salmon move unmolested, and the sea is free of boats. Back in the fishing



villages of Hokkaido, the Japanese vessels wait idly, their crews staring balefully out to sea. The gay festival that was to precede the departure for the fishing grounds has been canceled.

Five weeks ago, angered at the Japanese for breaking off peace treaty talks in London, the U.S.S.R. imposed severe controls on Japanese salmon fishing in the Okhotsk Sea, the western Bering Sea and parts of the North Pacific (see map) during the four-month spawning season. The prohibition put a merciless squeeze on Japan's fishing industry, which provides Japan's basic food supply. Aggressive Japanese fishermen once ranged the whole Pacific at will, but Japan now finds himself hemmed in by restricted areas.

In the Sea of Japan (rich in sardine, mackerel and flounders), an arbitrary "Rhee line" imposed by Japanese-hating Syngman Rhee keeps Japanese fishermen at least 60 miles away from the Korean coast. Southwest in the East China Sea, the Far East's best trawling grounds, the Japanese may not come within 100 miles of the Communist China coast. The coastal waters of North America, once a plentiful source of salmon and halibut, are now closed to Japan by a U.S.-Canadian agreement that occupied Japan was persuaded to sign. And in the vast mid-Pacific tuna and bonito grounds, the U.S. has posted a 421,500-sq.-mi. nuclear testing area, which jittery Japanese fishermen have given a wide berth since radioactive ash fell on the *Fortunate Dragon*.

The Russians have been waging an unofficial fishing war against Japan since World War II, seizing hundreds of ships and imprisoning 3,796 men. This week a 17-man Japanese delegation led by shrewd, ambitious Agriculture and Forestry Minister Ichiro Kono arrived in Moscow to try to get the Russians to lift their latest restriction. Confidently

Kono talked of a settlement in ten days. But unless he is prepared to make major political concessions, the hard-bargaining Russians are apt to drag out negotiations until the salmon are safely in their rivers and hundreds of Japanese fishermen are ruined.

TIBET

Keeping the Lamas Cool

"To hold Tibet firmly" goes an old Tibetan saying, "the conqueror must win Potala's top floor." Potala is the 300-ft-high, 1,400-room Lhasa stronghold of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's powerful temporal ruler, and the top floor is the Lama's private residence. Since Red China "liberated" Tibet in 1951, hundreds of Chinese officials have been popping in and out of Potala's top floor, wooing the 21-year-old Dalai Lama with flattery and gifts (among them: ten autos, a direct phone to Peking), and isolating him from his own countrymen. But despite his occasional public concurrences in their party line, they still do not trust him, remembering his flight to India when Red China marched into Tibet. The 18-year-old Panchen Lama, Tibet's spiritual ruler, is more acquiescent, and the Red Chinese have tried to bolster his status at the expense of the Dalai Lama.

India's Prime Minister Nehru recently invited both Lamas to visit New Delhi in May to help celebrate the 2,500th anniversary of Buddha's birth. Last week Nehru ruefully announced that the Lamas could not come. "India in May," Red China had replied, "will be too hot for the Dalai and Panchen Lamas." Besides, the two young rulers were "busy implementing Tibet's constitutional reforms." The Chinese indicated, however, that the Lamas would shortly be allowed to make a trip to cool, cool Moscow, where requests for help can safely be disregarded.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Ambassador's Answer

As one of his last official acts in Canada, retiring U.S. Ambassador R. Douglas Stuart tackled the thorniest current problem of Canada-U.S. relations: the vague but growing notion that U.S. investment capital is seizing control of the Canadian economy. In a blunt speech last week to the Canadian Club of Vancouver, he spelled out the contribution of foreign investors to Canada's economic expansion and paid his polite respects to those who seemed bent on stirring up trouble between good neighbors.

"The alleged domination by U.S. capital of Canadian industry and national resources . . . is being discussed emotionally," Stuart said. "Those who raise it do not appear to be seeking a solution but rather the creation of an issue [to arouse] a maximum of suspicion and rasp the pride and self-respect of any Canadian."

Inflammatory Talk. Without naming names, Ambassador Stuart quoted recent remarks by Tory Leader George Drew, one of the chief promoters of the current campaign against U.S. investments in Canada. "We are not going to be treated as though we were the 50th state^a of the United States," Drew had cried. "We are not going to be hewers of wood, drawers of water and diggers of holes for any other country."

Said Stuart: "The descriptions . . . often resemble old-fashioned Communist caricatures rather than sober presentations of fact." The ambassador then proceeded to cite some sobering facts about Canada-U.S. economic relations:

¶ Rather than increasing to dangerous flood proportions, as some special pleaders claim, the flow of U.S. capital into Canada is actually receding. It was \$346 million in 1953, \$318 million in 1954, dropped farther in 1955.

¶ Canada's great industrial boom in recent years was neither wholly financed nor owned by U.S. investors. About 85% of the overall expansion was financed by Canadians themselves. Incoming U.S. capital went heavily into oil and mining ventures, where Canadians were unwilling to take the risks.

¶ Capital movements between Canada and the U.S. travel both ways. Canadians' per capita investments in the U.S. at the end of 1954 stood at \$117 v. a \$58 per capita U.S. investment in Canada.

¶ Canadians need U.S. investment more than U.S. investors need Canadian opportunities. Most of the underdeveloped nations of the free world are pleading for new capital. U.S. capital has gone heavily to stable Canada in the past, but could be cut off quickly if "fear, suspicion or unsettled political conditions . . . tended to discourage [it]." Said Stuart: "A withdrawal of sizable amounts of such capital

* Tory Drew generously gave the U.S. a dividend of one extra state.

already invested here or a dwindling of the potential supply would be immediately reflected in the rate of growth of the Canadian economy and eventually on the standard of living of every Canadian."

Latent Fears. Stuart's forthright speech aroused a storm of comment in the Canadian press and Parliament. In underpopulated Canada there has always been a latent—perhaps legitimate—fear of cultural or economic domination by its bigger neighbor to the south. The Labor Progressive (Communist) and the CCF (socialist) Parties have traded on this feeling for years, plugging the "U.S. imperialism" line. Lately, however, the major parties have shown signs of taking



Arthur Siegel

R. DOUGLAS STUART
A vague notion tackled.

up the cry. Quebec's provincial Liberal Party, out of office for 17 years, is currently campaigning on that theme. And Tory Leader George Drew, whose party has not won a federal election since 1938, is determinedly beating the anti-U.S. drum as a vote-getting campaign issue for next year's federal election.

Canada's ruling Liberal government probably has no real fears of U.S. economic domination—and is well aware of the damage that would be done to the country's economy if large amounts of U.S. capital were abruptly withdrawn. But the Liberals, too, are aware of the political appeal of Drew's nationalist pitch. Last year they appointed a Royal Commission to investigate, among other subjects, the role of U.S. capital in Canada. In this year's budget they devised a frankly punitive tax on Canadian editions of U.S. magazines (TIME, April 2).

After Ambassador Stuart's speech last week, Ottawa dutifully passed the informal word to Washington that some Canadians

felt the ambassador had trespassed on domestic affairs. But the government pointedly avoided any formal contradiction of Stuart's case, and even defended his remarks in a House of Commons debate. "Mr. Stuart endeavored to meet certain charges and criticisms by explaining his government's attitudes and objectives," said External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson. "That was a perfectly proper thing for him to do."

ARGENTINA

Dictatorship & Corruption

The process of delving into governmental iniquity under ex-Dictator Juan Perón came to an official end last week. At a special ceremony, Vice President Isaías Rojas praised the National Investigating Committee—and as tactfully as possible explained the government's decision that the probe should now stop. A bit unhappy at the decision, Vice Admiral Leonardo McLean, the committee's zealous chief, summed up its work: the staff of about 2,500 had arrested 1,045 suspects, sent 314 cases to the courts, spent only \$70,000 in 27 weeks of investigations. Its records will now go to the Wealth Recovery Board (TIME, Dec. 10), which can mine them for leads useful in recovering further ill-gotten gains of the Peronistas, to add to the \$35 million the board has already confiscated.

The committee withheld many of its findings (which will become court evidence), and made only partial reports in most cases. But taken together, the reports told a murky story of top-to-bottom official corruption that got its cue from Perón and extended down to such lowly posts as zoo keepers (one of whom appropriated the zoo's imported canaries for his private collection). Some tidbits:

¶ Perón did his mother-in-law out of half of her bequest from the late Eva Perón, then with a medieval flourish had Evita's brother, Juan Duarte, killed because he knew too much.^b

¶ The dictator lavished \$20 million on the clubs of his Union of High School Students, favoring teen-age girls with gold wrist watches and nylons before eventually choosing one 14-year-old, Nelly Rivas, as his special favorite (TIME, Oct. 10).

¶ Atomic "Scientist" Ronald Richter, who never split an atom, expertly diffused \$3,700,000 of Argentina's money in his fumbling attempts.

¶ Jorge Antonio, Mercedes-Benz tycoon and Perón crony, profited on so vast a scale that a subcommittee named exclusively to investigate him seriously recommended a fine of more than \$1 billion.

¶ Defense Minister José Humberto Sosa Molina got from Perón 265 car import

* A conclusion the investigators reached after examining and examining Duarte's body. It was no great revelation to Argentines, who had long joked that Duarte's last words before his "suicide" were: "Don't shoot, boys!"

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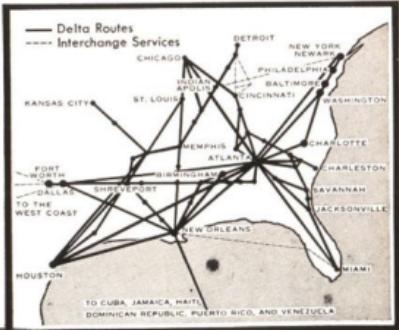
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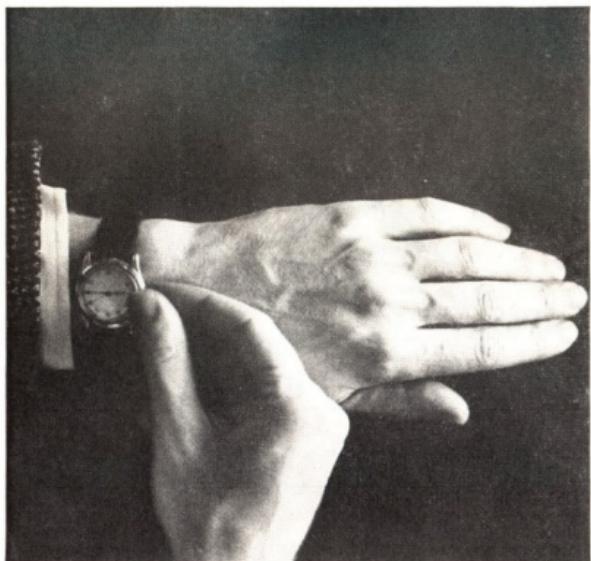
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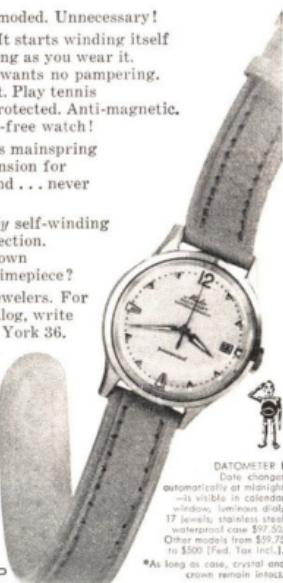
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licenses, each worth more than \$5,000. Army Minister Franklin Lucero got 243.

The smell of so much corruption only encouraged the zealous investigators to go on. But already there were hints of favoritism, and signs that continued prying might embarrass the new government. The decree ending investigations seemed to be a prudent recognition that bullying Peronista bullies could eventually get to be too much of a good thing.

VENEZUELA

Lucky Misses

Like 250,000 other Venezuelans, Señora Mercedes Urbina and her cousin, Señorita Elena Josefina González Urbina, enjoy taking a modest flyer on the Five-and-Six, the country's fabulous Sunday



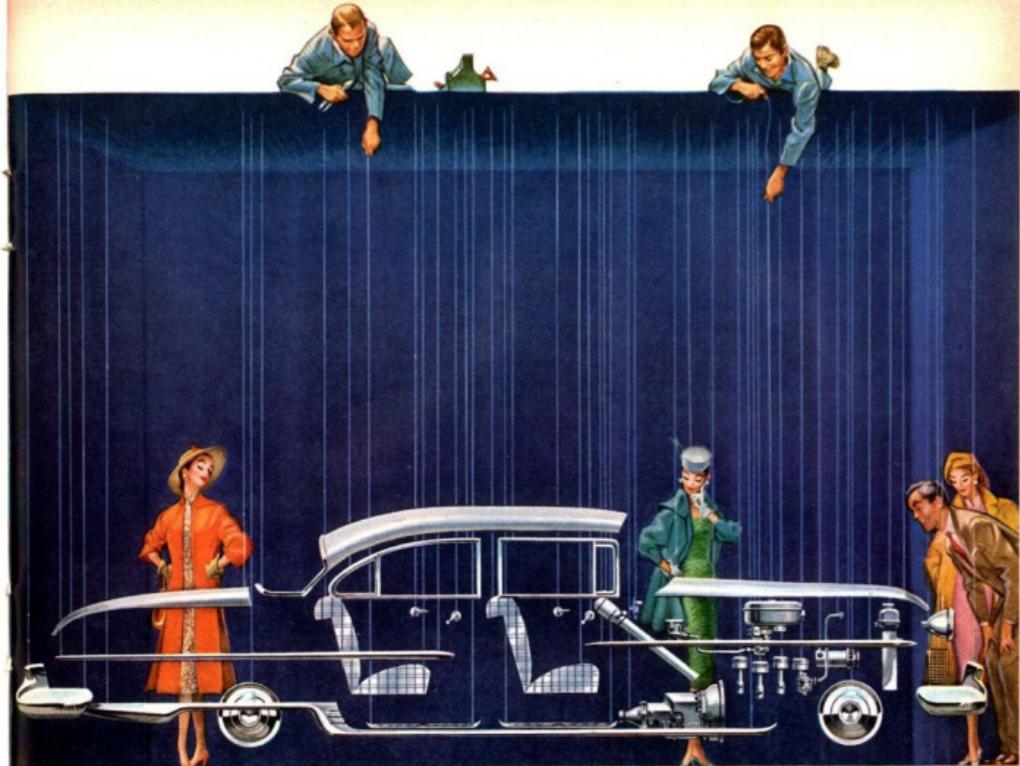
United Press

ELENA & MERCEDES URBINA®
Four and eight won Five-and-Six.

horse-race lottery, based on a five- or six-horse combination. But since they are sheltered girls who find form charts hard to puzzle out they relied mainly on Mercedes' brother Nelson for expert handicapping in last week's races at Caracas' Hipódromo track. With proper humility they accepted his picks for the first four races; then girlish independence took over and they followed feminine intuition in picking the fifth and sixth.

Nelson, as it turned out, did very well; his winners got him \$3,600 for a \$3 ticket. But the girls' ticket, the day's only entry that listed all six winners correctly, paid off \$300,000. Mercedes and Elena Josefina took the windfall calmly, perhaps because they could not understand just how much money \$300,000 is. Mercedes is eight years old and is in the fifth grade; Elena Josefina is four, goes into kindergarten next year.

* At right, Handicapper Nelson.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Speaking to a rapt covey of newshawks, Pollster **George Gallup**, mindful of the time when his prophecies all but installed **Thomas E. Dewey** in the White House, made it clear that he will crawl out on no limb this election year. Announced hyper-cautious Dr. Gallup: "As I look into this crystal ball, I see a light flashing and hear a small voice saying, 'Remember 1948.' It will be my intention in this campaign simply to use the magic words, 'Let others make the predictions.'"

In Britain, the government and the public executors of the estate of Playwright **George Bernard Shaw** agreed on the value of his copyrights, thus nearly doubled the provisional worth of his estate that was set in 1951. The new figure: \$1,680,000, subject to whopping inheritance taxes in the 70% bracket. Meanwhile, G.B.S.'s will was soon to get raked over in court. When Shaw died at an unmellowed 94 in 1950, he had made a bequest to provide a handsome subsidy to renovate the English alphabet. A hater of diphthongs and illogical pronunciations, Alphabetter Shaw wanted the ABCs stretched to 40 letters on a one-sound, one-letter plan. Tart-tongued **Lady Astor** took one look at her old friend's idea and pronounced it ridiculous. The British Museum, one of Shaw's three institutional heirs, now wants the court to quash Shaw's bizarre bequest on the ground that a newfangled alphabet would not benefit the community. If the court concurs, the Museum, along with Ireland's National Gallery and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, will start collecting royalties now pouring into Shaw's estate, plus all that is left of it in 1970.

Practically unrecognizable in his Okinawan getup, Cinemactor **Marlon Brando** looked uncharacteristically scrutable on a

movie location in Japan, where M-G-M is making a film version of Broadway's long-run (1,020 performances) hit, *Teahouse of the August Moon*.

When A.F.L.-C.I.O. President **George Meany**, whose plain talk is sometimes too plain, bluntly tagged India's **Prime Minister Nehru** as a Communist ally (TIME, Dec. 26), U.S. Ambassador to India **John Sherman Cooper** sent out a hasty SOS for Meany's more diplomatic vice president, the Auto Workers' **Walter Reuther**, to come soothe the anger of India's trade unionists. Reuther returned to the U.S. last week after a shining fortnight's good-will mission. He had sat in as a drummer at a village folk dance, got dolled up in a turban, been festooned with countless flowers, made 118 speeches. In a Calcutta auto plant, he had eaten lunch with the workers instead of in the bosses'



DIPLOMAT REUTHER
Good will in India.

dining room, explaining, "Hell, I wouldn't eat with them in the States. Why should I eat with them here?" Onetime (1933-35) Russian Auto Plant Worker Reuther drew new applause from approving Indians with a well-worn point: "In America the capitalists own the factories but we workers own the automobiles. In Russia, workers may own the factories but the bureaucrats own the automobiles." Despite the personal success of his tour, however, Labor Chief Reuther came home glum: "The gulf of misunderstanding between this country and Asia is widening."

Italian automakers in Turin were readying a fabulous jalopy for delivery to the **Shah of Iran**. Of a "California gold" color, the car is topped off with shatter-proof glass, has solid 24-carat gold instrument casings, a refrigerator, bar, telephone and record player. Estimated cost: \$40,000.

To amuse an Eskimo friend in Washington, Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, 57, got into a polar mood,



Associated Press

JUSTICE DOUGLAS
Yearning in Washington.

hauled out a furry parka and seemed on the verge of heading north. For the first time in eight years, however, Globetrotter Douglas will stay around the U.S. this summer, possibly because he has run out of new terrains to conquer.

Fiery TV Impresario **Arthur Godfrey**, who has fired 18 of his friends from his *Friends* show (Wed. 8 p.m., CBS-TV), finally went whole hog. Last week he fired everybody, including himself, as of July 25, which will be folksy old *Friends'* last telecast. This leaves Godfrey *Friendless* but certainly not jobless; with all his other programs he will still be on the air 12½ hours a week.

Just a farm boy in Manhattan to get an Albert Einstein Commemorative Award, snow-topped Poet **Carl Sandburg**, 78, downed some scrambled eggs and deplored the U.S.'s manner of pursuing happiness. Result of the pursuit: "Fat-dripping prosperity." Said the Illinois sage: "When the goal of country is only happiness and comfort, there is danger. Albert Einstein said as much . . . Listen, 'To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me.' You see, he wants the element of struggle in life." What is life's main purpose? "Before you go to sleep at night, you say, 'I haven't got it yet. I haven't got it yet . . .' Take the man who invented the thermostat blanket. I hope he didn't say to himself, 'Now I'll go to Florida and sit around.'"

Washington's Hostess-with-the-Mostes' **Perle Mesta** turned up as a guest travelogist at the Woman's National Democratic Club, startled the ladies with a tale of a "birth house" she saw in Russia in 1953. Perle's theory: the Soviets brainwash expectant mothers to achieve painless childbirth. In the maternity center she had observed 20 women, "none in pain. They took one or two deep breaths and the child was born." Added Perle: "They used the same brainwash for the mothers that they used for the war prisoners and soldiers [see SCIENCE]."



OKINAWAN BRANDO
Scrutability in Japan.

SCIENCE

Preparation for Brainwashing

Depriving the human mind of all sensations is the best preparation for brainwashing. Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, recently told the Senate Appropriations Committee about a new mind-purging technique worked out by Dr. John C. Lilly, one of his Institute colleagues.

Serving as his own guinea pig, Dr. Lilly stripped himself naked, put on a skin-diver's mask for breathing, and was suspended face down in a tank of warm, slowly flowing water. In this "dead man's float" position, he was almost as out of this world as if he were still unborn. He could see nothing. He could hear nothing except his own breathing and faint water sounds from the piping. Except for the face mask and the gently touching supports, he could feel nothing. The temperature of the water, 94° F., made it feel neither hot nor cold.

Lust & Reveries. For about 45 minutes, says Dr. Lilly, he was conscious of his surroundings and of recent events. He even enjoyed the sensation of being suspended in silence and darkness, with nothing whatever to do. But slowly during the next hour he developed an overwhelming "lust" for any kind of stimulus or action. In spite of his intention to keep perfectly still, he made surreptitious swimming motions or stroked one finger with another. Such small delights gave him great satisfaction. He found that if he denied himself all such stimulus, the tension grew unbearable, and he had to get out of the tank for relief.

The peak of tension eventually passed. Then, says Dr. Lilly, "one notices that

one's thoughts have shifted . . . to reveries and fantasies of a highly personal and emotionally charged nature. These are too personal to relate publicly, and probably vary greatly from subject to subject. The individual reactions to such fantasy material also probably vary considerably, from complete suppression to relaxing and enjoying them."

A Black Curtain. After passing his two ordeals of tension and fantasy, which took about 2½ hours, Dr. Lilly entered a stage that he calls "projection of visual imagery." The black curtain that had been hanging in front of his eyes gradually opened into a three-dimensional dark, empty space. The change was striking and intensely interesting; he waited eagerly to see what would happen next. Then out of the darkness came "small, strangely shaped objects with self-luminous borders. A tunnel whose inside 'space' seemed to be emitting a blue light then appeared straight ahead."

At this moment Dr. Lilly's mask started to leak, and he had to get out of the tank to keep from drowning. So he never learned what lay at the end of the blue-lighted tunnel.

The "dead man's float" experiment has been tried so far with only one person besides Dr. Lilly, but other scientists, especially in Canada (TIME, Oct. 4, 1954), have subjected many human guinea pigs to degrees of isolation almost as complete. All have reported strange and often alarming effects on the mind, and usually a good deal of difficulty in becoming readjusted to normal life.

Dr. Felix told the Senators that isolation experiments explain how brainwashing works. The brainwashers, he said, do



Ken Freulid

DR. JOHN C. LILLY
At fantasy's edge, a blue tunnel.

not use anything as elegant as Dr. Lilly's tank. A long period of imprisonment in a dark, nearly silent cell is almost as effective. With normal sensation cut off, the prisoner's thinking is disorganized. He grows desperately hungry for any kind of information, however unreliable, from the outside world.

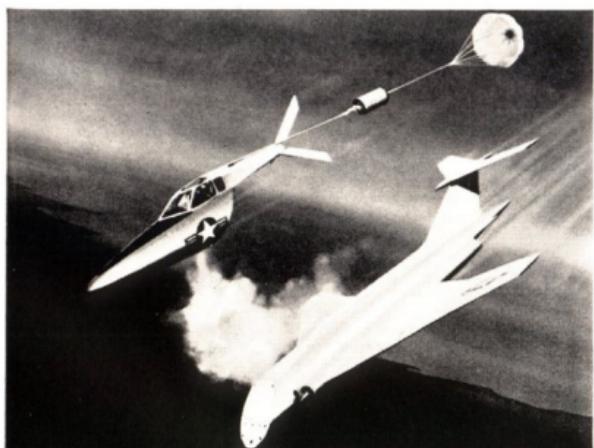
Bit by bit, explained Dr. Felix, the brainwashers feed the prisoner's mind with their own brand of information. It is usually accepted and becomes like normal thinking, because it is the only "feed-in" that the hungry mind gets. This system, said Dr. Felix, can break down anyone, no matter what his background or how he has been indoctrinated.

Capsule Cockpit

The heroic, traditional act of bailing out with a parachute is getting less and less popular as airplanes fly faster and higher. Pilots have landed alive (though in poor condition) after bailing out above the speed of sound (TIME, Nov. 21), but according to experts of the Office of Naval Research, no ejection-seat and parachute combination can save a pilot flying more than 1,900 m.p.h. at 70,000 ft. Less speed would be fatal at lower altitudes, because the thicker air would hit the pilot with a harder decelerating jolt.

At last week's Chicago meeting of the Aero Medical Association, the Navy and Douglas Aircraft Co. described their solution to the high-speed bail-out problem: a detachable cockpit. It would form the whole nose of the airplane and would contain all the expensive instruments and electronic gadgets, which are nice to salvage along with the pilot. It would also be standardized, so that the same cockpit would fit the bodies of many different airplanes.

When a bail-out is indicated, the pilot throws a switch, and the capsule cockpit separates neatly from the rest of the plane.



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Associated Press



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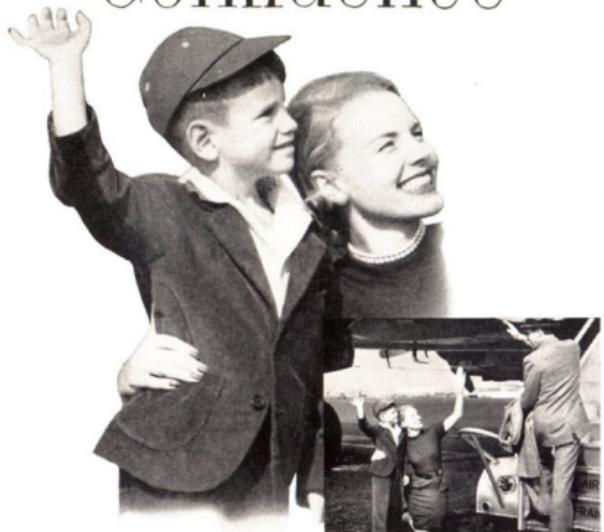
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airplane. Since the pilot is still behind a streamlined windbreak, he does not get the full impact of deceleration. A small parachute opens and keeps the capsule headed into the wind. When it has slowed down enough, a big parachute opens and lowers it to the ground.

While in the air the pilot still has his oxygen supply and air pressure, as well as protection from cold. If he happens to land in water, the capsule floats, and a stabilizing weight (the airplane's battery) is lowered to give it a heavy keel and make it reasonably seaworthy.

Preliminary experiments performed by Douglas have been encouraging, and the capsule cockpit is now approaching the practical testing stage. Besides saving pilots' lives, it has other advantages. It can be used as a training device, and dress rehearsals for combat missions can be performed with formations of pilots sitting safe in grounded cockpits and going through the motions.

The Navy does not expect to have its cockpit perfected before 1958, and it does not expect it to solve all problems, such as an enemy hit on the cockpit itself. "In many cases, however," says Douglas Engineer Albert Mayo, "it will enable the pilot to survive. It will not guarantee him a comfortable bail-out, and if the jet is headed earthward at Mach 2 and 6,000 ft. off the deck, nothing can save him."

Fat Electrons

Harvard and M.I.T. announced this week that the Atomic Energy Commission is treating them jointly to a 6 billion-volt electron synchrotron, which will be built in Cambridge. Cost: \$6,500,000. Its electrons will be steered around a circular vacuum chamber 236 ft. in diameter by 48 powerful magnets, each 11 ft. long, and they will be nudged to enormous speed by 16 radio-frequency circuits, each with the power of a full-scale television transmitter.

The Cambridge Electron Accelerator will not be as powerful as the proton synchrotron (25 billion to 30 billion electron volts) that is being built at Brookhaven National Laboratory, New York, but the electrons that emerge from it will be the fastest particles created by man. Since electrons are much lighter than protons (the mass of one proton equals 1.837 electrons), they must speed much faster than protons to pack the same punch.

The Cambridge electrons will move at almost but not quite the speed of light, which is the absolute speed limit of the universe. If one of them were to start around the earth at the same time as a beam of light, it would be racing only five inches behind when the beam had made the circuit and reached its starting point.

Einstein's law on the equivalence of mass and energy ($E=mc^2$) says that a particle which increases its speed must gain mass. In obeying Einstein, the Cambridge electrons grow very fat indeed. When they come out of the accelerator, their mass is about 12,000 times as great as when they went in.

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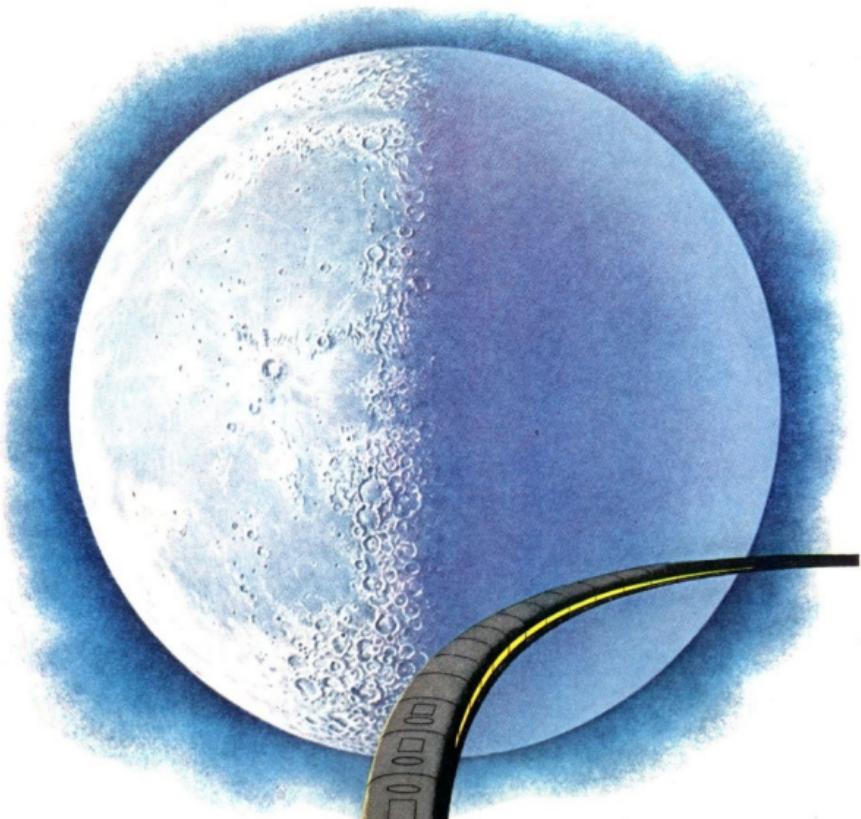


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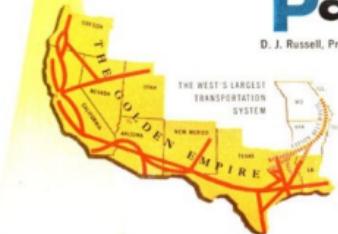
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THE THEATER

A Newspaperman

Everybody always loved Charlie MacArthur—and he finally succumbed to the curse of too many friends. He began life as a minister's son in Scranton, Pa. Like many a minister's kid, he left his God-fearing upbringing far behind. Resolute in his break with things holy, he tackled the newspaper business. At that time, the unholiest newspaper careers in U.S. Christendom were to be found in Chicago. MacArthur went there. In 1914 he began as a reporter on the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*, switched to Colonel Robert McCormick's *Tribune* and later the *New York American*.

A Marvelous Circus. Charles MacArthur was a typical child of the Roaring '20s. He was wild, bitter, voluptuous, burdened with a marvelous conscience. He had a personal radiance that few could resist. When he at last beamed into Manhattan, it was inevitable that he should become a knight of the round table at the Hotel Algonquin, favorite mecca of the literati. A measure of his charm was once expressed by the late Algonquiner Alexander Woolcott: "Everyone who knows him lights up when he hears his name, and starts talking about him as if he were a marvelous circus that once passed his way."

Unbeknownst to MacArthur, his triumphant entrance into Manhattan was an anticlimax. His Chicago experiences, along with those of Ben Hecht, another journalist of the Rush Street school, had already fortified his mind for co-authorship of *The Front Page*, one of the greatest Broadway stage hits of the '20s, and a brutally truthful play about U.S. journalism. Unfortunately, the stereotypes it perpetuated linger in the form of the popular image of all newspaper reporters as boozy, totally cynical, wisecracking characters with battered fedoras perched on the backs of their heads.

The Front Page opened on Aug. 14, 1928—and the critics, themselves all journalists of some school or other, drooled over it. Three days later, lionized Playwright MacArthur married a famous actress named Helen Hayes, whose footloose acclaim dated back 22 years to her stage debut as a six-year-old child actress. With a bag of peanuts in his hand, MacArthur, on their first meeting, had uttered one of the few famous quotations of the 20th century concocted without benefit of pressagent. "I wish," he said, "that they were emeralds!" Charlie, in the most prepossessing of his virtues, was irresistibly glib; from the moment she met him, Helen Hayes loved him all his life.

A Touch of Childhood. When pressed to explain his philosophy of life, Charlie liked to sum it up puckishly with the words of a condemned man whose hanging he once covered in Chicago. The prisoner had halted at the gallows steps and asked: "Is this thing safe?" The line was worthy of *The Front Page*. In his dramatic chron-



CULVER
MACARTHUR & HAYES (1935)
Peanuts, not emeralds.

icle of slobbish police reporters and a cannibalistic editor, MacArthur described his newsmen as "catastrophic, seedy Paul Reverses, full of strange oaths and a touch of childhood." He wrote six more plays, was in Hollywood often to grind out scenarios, had his good name linked with many a charity (including the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis after Mary, his and Helen's only child,* a gifted young actress with promise of greatness, died at 19 of polio).

MacArthur was a best friend of everybody he knew, and his camaraderie and conviviality knew no bounds. But his heart and kidneys did. One day last week he checked into a Manhattan hospital. He suffered from nephritis, plus severe anemia. Four days later he had an internal hemorrhage, died at 60. *The Front Page*, of course, provided a fine epitaph: "I'm no stuffed shirt writing peanut ads. God damn it—I'm a newspaperman!"

New Play in Manhattan

Waiting for Godot, by 50-year-old Irish-born Samuel Beckett, who was once a sort of secretary to James Joyce, is one more of those writings that pose philosophic question marks with the emphasis of exclamation points. Like Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, Kafka's *The Castle* and Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *Waiting for Godot* makes who's who—and sometimes what's what—a kind of guessing game.

So simple as to be almost nonexistent is Beckett's tale of two penniless, hapless, smelly tramps waiting, in a barren countryside, for a neighborhood personage named Godot. They chatter, gnaw carrots, tug at a tight shoe, talk of going separate ways and of hanging themselves,

encounter a rich, unhappy magnate driving his servant before him as with whips. At the end of Act I, a boy arrives to say that Godot cannot come that night but will the next. The next night, after further waiting and talking, a boy arrives to say that again Godot cannot come. As before, the tramps decide to go away; as before, they then merely stand stock-still.

With its lost, disconsolate, straw-clutching outcasts, its bullying and later blinded magnate, its endless rain of symbolic and allegorical smallshot, its scarred and almost sceneryless universe, *Waiting for Godot* can be most variously interpreted—somewhat after the fashion of the blind men and the elephant. Under *Godot's* metaphysical countepane, believing Christian, doubting pessimist, left-winger and existentialist can all find reasons to nestle for warmth. But whether Godot stands for God or simply for man's unconquerable hope, whether *Waiting for Godot* is a philosophic depth bomb or a theatrical dud, clearly the play has not a casual but a thematic plotlessness, and not an unintentional but a planned garrulity.

Beckett's firm control over his material is a possible key to appraising his achievement, and to rescuing his play from both philistine splutters and arty rhapsodizing. For what Beckett brings to his posing of generally impalpable and major truths is a genuine but essentially minor talent. He has a gift for the theatricality of nothing happening, for small sudden changes of key, for the humor of despair. For all its vernacular and even outhouse touches, his is an artificial and sophisticated style, a succinct loquacity. At bottom, *Godot* is both a neatly fingered exercise in wit and a pointillist rendering of humanity's dark-forest moods. But its very neatness gives it rather a symbolic rat-tat-tat than something that reverberately makes great gashes and rents. Beckett's method dispenses with the usual stage clothing, but hardly to get closer to nakedness, for nakedness implies flesh, and *Godot* very often seems ghostly. The best symbolic works, from *Moby Dick* or *Don Quixote* down, never wear their symbolism on their sleeves; the symbolism brings added depth and resonance to an always three-dimensional creation. *Godot* lacks any large creativeness; Beckett suffers a little himself from the blight that constitutes his theme and subject-matter.

The Broadway production is enormously the richer for Comic Bert Lahr's brilliant playing of the more confused of the two tramps. He endows the role with a clown's wistful bewilderment, evocative capers and broad but beautifully precise touches of comedy. Far more than Beckett, Lahr suggests all dislocated humanity in one broken-down man. Others in the cast, however competent, seem a little too studied grotesque or Middle European in style. None the less, *Godot* has its own persistent fascination. For once in a way, at least, in a theater rife with pointless hurry-scurry, they distinctly serve who only stand and wait.

* An adopted son, James, is now 18.

THE PRESS

Reader's Choice

To cover Grace Kelly's wedding (see FOREIGN NEWS), some 1,600 reporters swarmed about Monaco. There were almost as many differences of opinion on what had gone on as there were newsmen.

The civil wedding took place in the palace throne room, which was described by I.N.S. as decorated with "gilded damask," by the New York *Herald Tribune* as "crimson damasked," and by the New York *Post* as "tapestry and frescoed." During the ceremony Grace Kelly had "tears in her eyes" for the U.P., but the A.P. said flatly: "No tears," Miss Kelly, said the U.P., looked at Prince Rainier just once, with a "shy glance." The *Herald Tribune* called it "a proud romantic glance"; the New York *Times* thought it was "twice . . . distractingly," while I.N.S. wrote that she glanced "often . . . as if to seek reassurance."

Even in their own ranks, Hearstlings managed to avoid sameness. Dorothy Kilgallen reported that "not once did the Prince look at his bride"; Bob Considine wrote that it was "only once." When the time came for the couple's responses, "both replied 'Oui' firmly . . . Miss Kelly in husky, throaty sincerity," according to the *Herald Trib*. But in the *Times*, "each assented with a virtually inaudible 'Oui'." In any case, the ceremony lasted just 20 minutes (Considine), 16 minutes (Kilgallen), 40 minutes (*Post*), 15 "emotion-laden" minutes (New York *News*).

At the religious ceremony next day, Grace was "close to tears" in the Post, but for the U.P., "uncontrolled tears coursed down [her] cheeks." How did she make her responses this time? "Je veux (I will)," said the U.P. "Oui," said the *Post*. "Oui, Monseigneur," said the *Times*. "Oui, je veux," said the *Herald Trib*. Finessed Newshen Kilgallen: "[It was] barely audible."

France's New Daily

Champagne corks popped in a Paris city room last week to greet the birth of a major French daily: *Le Temps de Paris*. For competitors, the cork-popping sounded the opening barrage in an all-out circulation war. The new afternoon paper, a fat (for France), 40-page tabloid with heavy backing from businessmen (initial investment: about \$4,000,000), set out to combine the dash that is all too common in the French press with the responsibility that is all too rare. After readers snapped up its first press run of 480,000, *Le Temps* began printing 500,000 daily.

The country's biggest paper, *France-Soir* (circ. 1,300,000), leaped to the challenge. With a staff strengthened by 14 new hands, *France-Soir* jumped from 14 to 20 pages, splashed pictures on its front page, and plugged a contest offering 50 million francs (\$142,857) for the best characterization of "the ideal Frenchman." Little *Paris-Presse* (circ. 160,000) boasted

itself from 14 to 16 pages and put in a crossword-puzzle contest. Stuffy, neutralist *Le Monde*, small (circ. 166,000) but influential, fought the new opposition with a front-page editorial: "Big newspapers capable of exercising an influence on public opinion should not be byproducts of industrial enterprises."

"Why Don't You Invent?" Though *Le Temps'* backing comes from executives in top business firms, e.g., Michelin tires,



Le Temps' BOEGNER
Barrage for war.

Citroën, Esso Standard Oil, the backers (as Esso Standard Oil took pains to point out in its own case) went in as individuals, not corporations. Nevertheless, the bugaboo of business control of newspapers is a real one in France. When some 60 dailies cluttered Paris kiosks in the 1920s, bankers and munitions makers kept newspapers like mistresses. By World War II, big business had a firm grip on the major Paris dailies. Afterward, millions of angry Frenchmen blamed business for the papers' sellout to collaborationists.

Since the liberation, *la presse pourrie* ("the rotten press") has been largely reformed in the dominating hands of such professionals as *France-Soir*'s tiny, dynamic Managing Director Pierre Lazareff, 49, who worked in the U.S. during the war for Manhattan's *Daily Mirror*. In the last ten years, the French capital's dailies, which now number 14, have also undergone what the French consider increasing "Americanization," i.e., more news and features, less opinion.

Yet the press still commands little esteem from Frenchmen. By U.S. standards, most papers are typographically jumbled, abound in inaccurate and slanted, misleading stories. Foreign correspondents in Paris soon get over the shock of having officials suggest when



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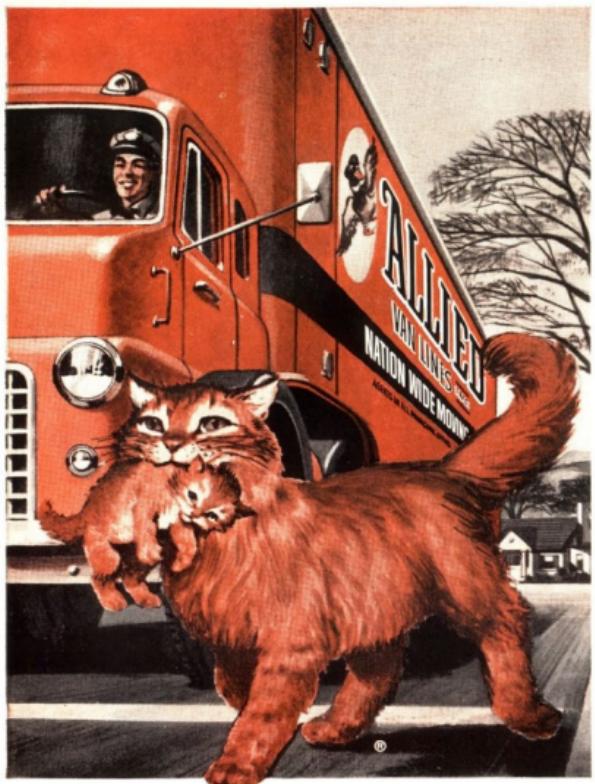
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information is unavailable: "Why don't you invent something?"

Specialties. While some rivals tried to link the new paper to the discredited tradition, *Le Temps* set its sights high in the better postwar tradition of French journalism. Under Philippe Boegner, 46, a veteran of France's top picture magazine, *Paris-Match* (circ. 1,500,000), as well as newspapering, *Le Temps* pledged its independence of any party or clique. Domestically, *Le Temps* takes a politically conservative line; abroad, it is friendly to the U.S. and Western unity. One of Boegner's innovations is an editorial page separate from news columns.

To recruit readers, *Le Temps* offers a shrewd combination of its opposition's specialties: a double page of foreign news (rivaling *France-Soir*), lots of features from birth control to Stalin's crimes (to compete with *Paris-Press*), three pages of financial news (to offset *Le Monde*). Right from the start, the new paper's circulation topped that of *Le Figaro* (circ. 475,000), the morning bible of France's upper middle class. Whatever its own future, *Le Temps'* spectacular start put the whole Paris press on its mettle.

Wasting No Words

Among Britain's topflight political cartoonists, L. G. (for Leslie Gilbert) Illingworth, 53, of *Punch* and London's *Daily Mail*, was long regarded as one of the best draftsmen, but weak on ideas. In recent months he has gained new attention by his work for *Punch*, where the satiric ideas of Editor Malcolm Muggeridge often guide the Illingworth hand. A recent Illingworth-Muggeridge view of British politics showed Prime Minister Eden and Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell, both dressed as Nero, saying to each other: "I can fiddle a damned sight better than you." Other favorite targets have included Eisenhower, Bulganin and Khrushchev. In his latest cartoon on John Foster Dulles, Illingworth wasted no words in a biting, uncaptioned comment on the Secretary of State at work (*see cut*).



ILLINGWORTH—© Punch
A page without caption.

MEDICINE

Surgery in the Heart

From opposite borders of the U.S., two major advances in the delicate art of heart surgery were reported last week. They made a dramatic contrast: in one operation the heart was kept beating during surgery; the other made a point of stopping it.

Bypassing the Heart. A 17-month-old boy at the Cleveland Clinic was the first human subject of the heart-stopping technique. Born with an opening in the septum (wall) between the right and left ventricles, his heart was unable to pump blood efficiently through his body because much of the blood pumped by the left ventricle leaked back through the hole into the right ventricle. The condition was getting worse.

When he was wheeled into the operating theater, the small patient was lost among a task force of 15 doctors and nurses, led by Surgeon Donald B. Effler. Then, building palisades of clamps, scalpels, retractors, forceps, the surgeons opened the boy's chest and inserted tubes in the two great veins carrying used blood to the heart. When they clamped off these veins, they forced the blood out through the tubes, which fed it to a combined pump and oxygenator, the heart-lung machine developed by Cleveland Clinic's Willem Johan Kolff (TIME, Oct. 31). From the machine the blood was fed back into the body through an artery in the chest, bypassing the heart.

If nothing else had been done, the heart would have continued beating during the operation. But after letting the heart beat long enough to empty itself of blood, the doctors injected potassium citrate, which arrested the beat.

This gave the surgeons a "dry field" and a heart at rest. With deft scalpel, Surgeon Effler slit open the flaccid right ventricle, drew the remaining blood from it, and located the opening in the septum. He sutured the sides of the hole together. Then he took the clamp off the aorta and let blood from the artificial heart flow back into nature's heart. The potassium citrate soon washed out and—with no artificial prodding—the heart resumed its normal rhythm even before Effler could finish closing the ventricle wall. Last week, nine weeks after the operation, the youngster was home and hopping.

Since the successful case of the young boy, the Cleveland team has used the "stopped-heart" method in eight more severe cases; two died, apparently not because of the heart arrest but mainly because their condition was desperate before it. The team says conservatively that the principle "has introduced an era of open-heart surgery."

Wires, So to Speak. From Houston came news of a similar and equally daring operation on an adult with an injured heart. The Houston doctors decided that they did not need to stop the beat of an



HEART OPERATION AT CLEVELAND CLINIC

A beat was stopped.

adult's heart already damaged by a blockage in the arteries feeding its muscle (coronary thrombosis or myocardial infarction). Bertram Sommerfield, 49, a Houston businessman, had a heart attack three months ago. One of its incidental effects was to tear a gaping hole in the septum between the ventricles. In adults, this usually is quickly fatal.

Somehow, Sommerfield survived ten weeks with his badly damaged (and somewhat enlarged) heart, then went under the knives of a Baylor College of Medicine team of surgeons headed by Michael E. DeBakey and Denton A. Cooley (TIME, June 29, 1953).

Instead of the Kolff lung, the Houston team used a bubble oxygenator, which

pumps oxygen into a column of blood withdrawn from the body. (The methods of taking the blood in and out of the body, and pumping it, are similar in the two techniques.) When Dr. Cooley opened the heart, he found that the hole was the size of a half-dollar—too big to close by simple stitching. It needed a blowout patch. With the heart still beating, but relatively free of blood so that he could see what he was doing, Dr. Cooley took a piece of plastic sponge and stitched it over the hole. Then, as he sewed the outer wall of the heart together, he let blood flow back through it. The blood shut-off had lasted 21 minutes, during which the severely damaged heart had not missed a beat. The whole operation took five hours.

Said a Cooley colleague: "This is the ultimate in heart surgery—the achievement we have been waiting for. It is now possible to lay open the fine muscles of the heart—the wires, so to speak—control circulation, patch a blowout and then repair the muscles and restore circulation. We can now repair some of the most serious damage there can be to the adult human heart."

Progress Reports

The nation's medical research laboratories were stripped of their key men last week as 6,500 physiologists, biologists, pharmacologists, pathologists, nutritionists and immunologists swarmed into Atlantic City for meetings of their consortium, the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, to tell of advances in their fight to gain life-saving knowledge. Outstanding items:

¶ The pituitary gland, long given homage as producer of the "master" hormone ACTH,[®] is itself the slave of a truly imperial hormone secreted by a part of the



Bob Verlin—Houston Post

SURGEON DENTON COOLEY
A puncture was patched.

* Among its "slaves": the kidney-bestriding adrenal glands which secrete hydrocortisone.

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brain, reported Baylor University's Physiologist Roger Guillemin. From the hypothalamus, an ancient part of the brain, Guillemin and Baylor colleagues have isolated a highly potent fraction, "hypothalamic D," which puts the pituitary to work when the animal (or human) is faced by physical or mental stress. Also named the "ACTH-hypophysiotropic hormone," it can be injected to give the same results as a shot of ACTH, e.g., in rheumatoid arthritis, by a more natural method.

¶ A series of changes in liver function shortly before and after birth enables the newborn mammal (whether human or rat makes no difference) to withstand the shock of emergence into the world, said a team of Boston biochemists headed by Harvard's Dr. Claude A. Villee. A few days before birth the liver builds up a supply of glycogen (a starch) for future conversion into sugar and fats (for energy). During and after birth the infant needs a lot of energy in a hurry, and since he cannot feed for several hours, the liver reverses the starch-storing process and turns the glycogen into energy. When the baby begins feeding, the liver goes on to a normal, lifelong rate of glycogen manufacture.

¶ "Such stuff as dreams are made on" brought unsuspected data from Chicago Physiologists William Dement and Nathaniel Kleitman: a person can dream for an average of two hours a night and remember little of it; his chances of remembering decrease the longer he sleeps after the dream ends; dreaming does not take place while the body is restless in light sleep; far from flashing by almost instantaneously (as commonly believed), dreams can last as long as an hour. A key to dreams is eye movement, which can be detected by electrodes attached to the eyelids. Vertical movements suggest that the dream in progress involves climbing or falling; horizontal, that the dreamer is following the actions of dream figures across a scene. Subjects awakened five minutes after a flurry of eye movements had far clearer recollections of dreams than those allowed a 15-minute lapse.

¶ Brookhaven National Laboratory scientists checked on fellow employees, found that of 135 who never added salt to their food, only one had unexplained high-blood pressure; of 630 who added salt sometimes after tasting food, 43 had the disease; among 581 who always added salt without bothering to taste, 61 had it.

¶ Studies at the University of Michigan's Child Health Conference (Well-Baby Clinic) answered a bedeviling question: Is the Salk polio vaccine as effective among infants and pre-school children as among the first- and second-graders on whom it was first tried? Said the researchers, after testing 133 infants and 116 kindergartners on various inoculation schedules: yes.

¶ One of the commonest features of heart disease is congestive heart failure, in which the heart periodically or progressively fails to meet the body's demands for blood and dangerously overworks. It causes "dropsy"—the body's

Love Letters to Rambler



Cowgirl with a college degree is Miss Gene Harvey, Assistant Professor of English at the Eastern Montana College of Education.

Born and raised on her father's cattle ranch in Colorado, Miss Harvey relaxes from studying for her Ph. D., by riding in round-ups and cruising in her "beautiful red and white Rambler". She writes:

"From a woman's point of view, I think the Rambler excels in style, ease of handling, comfort and carrying capacity. Like most women, my concern is with appearance, simplicity of operation, and economy. Only in the Rambler have I found all these features at a price I can afford. "I can say, with all sincerity, that I have had more enjoyment from my Rambler than from any other car I have ever driven."

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retention of salt and water. One standard way to get rid of excess brine has been to inject a mercurial diuretic. Five research reports at Atlantic City meetings indicated that a mercurial drug to be taken regularly by mouth, chlormerodrin (Neohydriin), is both effective and safe for long-term use.

Wired for Love

The assorted scientists (*see above*) in the Ocean Hall of Atlantic City's Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel began to feel uncomfortably crowded, and the chairman had to rap for order as newcomers jostled for standing room. Clearly, they had not come to hear the speaker's closing remarks on "Protein Composition of Rat Uterine Luminal Fluid," but to be on hand for the American Physiological Society's next and daring paper: "Physiological Responses During Coitus in the Human."

Gravely and matter-of-factly, Dr. Roscoe G. Bartlett, 29, now with the National Institutes of Health, described experiments that he had carried out with Dr. Vernon C. Bohr at a university which he refused to name. This sort of secrecy had extended to the experiments: three volunteer married couples took part, but their identities were not known to the researchers—only to an intermediary. On separate occasions, in a suitably private room, each volunteer couple attached wires and electrodes to themselves. These were connected with the scientists' recording instruments in another room. Then they had sexual intercourse. Before, during and after intercourse, the instruments diligently recorded the heart and breathing rates, made electrocardiograms of each person. The scientists' findings, not altogether surprising:

¶ In both man and woman the normal heart rate of 70 per minute soars to 170 a minute. The rate is apt to be higher in the man. The physical activity alone is not enough to account for this high acceleration of heartbeat; emotion does the rest.

¶ The breathing rate, normally 15 to 18 a minute, triples. As a result of this overbreathing, the body loses carbon dioxide too rapidly. This may explain the occasional rigidity of the arm and leg muscles—previously noted by Sexologist Alfred Kinsey (*TIME*, Aug. 24, 1953).

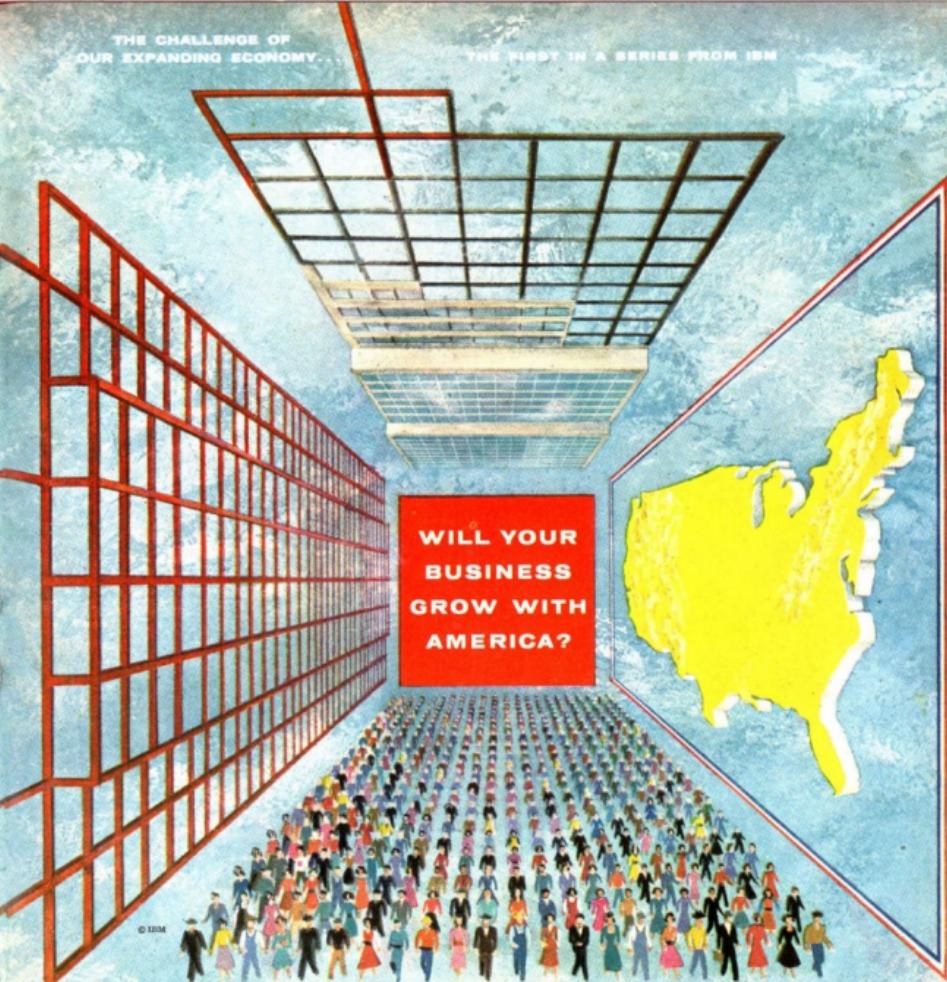
¶ The increases in heart and breathing rates up to orgasm and the gradual decline afterward are remarkably closely synchronized in the partners.

¶ Electrocardiograms show a surprisingly large number of abnormal and skipped heartbeats, especially at orgasm. These aberrations were not repeated when the same individuals later engaged in strenuous exercise, such as running.

Purpose of this scientific invasion of the bedroom, according to the experimenters: "Merely to collect facts . . ." One possible benefit: to help physicians advise victims of heart attacks and those with heart failure, as well as victims of strokes, on their capacity to engage safely in sexual relations.

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The miracle growth of "Black Magic"

FROM old tire rubber, a New Jersey chemist accidentally created a dark, sticky mixture. He gave some to Frank Perry and Lloyd Cutler, two Newark building material wholesalers, who tested its uses. They found that it "welded" wood to brick without heat . . . tile to walls . . . glass to metal . . . china to china . . . on damp days or in zero weather.

They acquired the formula, called it "Black Magic," and formed the Miracle Adhesives Corporation to sell the product. For many months, however, consumer sales totaled only about \$9,000 a month.

Then a story appeared in the April, 1947 issue of Reader's

How fast can a small business grow?

Here are some answers from three young and thriving companies . . .

Digest under the title "Sticky Miracle in a Tube."

"The month after publication," says E. R. Falkenberg, president of the company, "sales on the product 'zoomed' to \$95,000. We were overwhelmed with inquiries, not only from consumers, but from wholesalers, store managers, dealers, and industrial firms. We were forced to sub-contract our packaging. Overnight we put our assembly line on an around-the-clock schedule.

"Today Black Magic can be found in almost every lumber yard and hardware, paint and department store in the country. Our consumer sales are well over \$1,000,000 a year . . . and Reader's Digest is largely responsible for putting us on the map!"



Glamorene couldn't meet demand

In 1951 the Hulsh brothers of Miami, Florida, figured it would be a 10-year uphill road to a half-million dollar retail business for Glamorene, their rug cleaner.

But in less than one year they had passed a sales peak of 10 million dollars.

This was twenty times more than any product in this field had ever sold before.

Here is one reason why it happened . . .

In November, 1951, the editor of the Digest wrote to the Hulsh brothers. He advised them that an article about their rug cleaner would appear in the Digest in the February issue, a few weeks away. This article might create a strong demand, he suggested.

With copies of Editor DeWitt Wallace's letter in hand, Hulsh's small sales force lined up sales organizations in all 48 states.

Clayton Hulsh, president of Glamorene, says: "Although packaged rug cleaners had never before produced any very noticeable sales volume, we received many substantial orders—simply on the strength of the Digest editor's letter."

"The Glamorene article appeared in the Digest . . . and the roof fell in! We'd never dreamed of the impact that article would have . . ."

"Sackfuls of mail arrived . . . with inquiries or orders from department stores . . . from wholesalers . . . from housewives. Over a thousand long distance phone calls from buyers swamped our office.

"We acquired a second plant . . . then a third, which we equipped in 12 days—a project that would normally take 4 months! Our hardest job with some buyers was to persuade them to reduce two-carload orders to one carload.

"This is a story," says Mr. Hulsh, "of a marketing miracle created almost overnight by the mighty impact and tremendous influence of Reader's Digest."

Two paragraphs that doubled a business

A YEAR AGO, the Reader's Digest carried a story called, "Microbes: Hard-Working Friends of Man." Two paragraphs of this four-page story told how enzymes derived from bacterial cultures can be used to solve city sewage

problems and keep home septic systems clear and flowing.

After the Digest article appeared, the commercial producer of these enzymes wrote: "The fact that our product 'Sea-Cal' was *not* mentioned by name in your article is remarkable. It means that all the thousands of people who wrote to us had to write to Reader's Digest first for our name and address.

"In less than 12 months our business increased from \$100,000 to \$250,000 a year."



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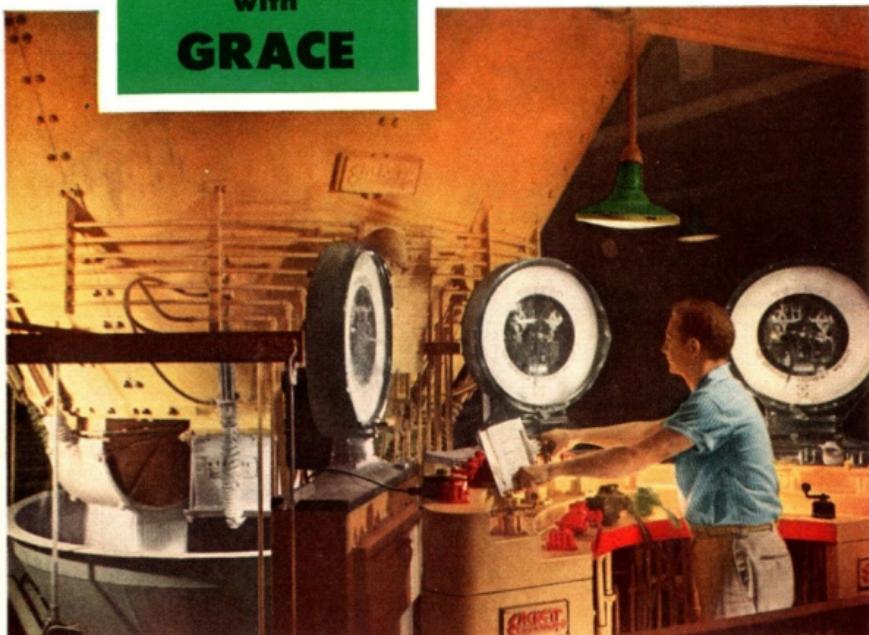
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Davison is one of many divisions now carrying forward Grace's expansion in the U. S. chemical industry. The products manufactured by these Grace divisions now range from CRYOVAC plastic food packaging to sealing compounds . . . from urea and ammonia to petroleum cracking catalysts. Still greater diversification will come with the production of a highly versatile polyethylene plastic by the newly formed Polymer Chemicals Division.

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SPORT

Finnish Finish

There was hope in Boston. Not for eleven years had an American won the annual Patriots' Day Marathon, a grind of 26 miles and 385 yards winding from suburban Hopkinton to the finish line at Exeter Street in downtown Boston. This year, after a decade of watching Japanese, Koreans and Finnish runners wallop America's best, loyal Bostonians saw a chance for victory. There were no entrants from Japan or Korea, and the Finns were represented by a pair of solemn runners who ranked no better than fifth and sixth in their own marathon-happy country.

The last U.S. winner, John A. Kelley of West Acton, Mass., was now called Kelley the Elder, and counted out by all but sentimentalists. But there was another Kelley in contention—Boston University Student John J. Kelley (no kin to John A.)—and also a Natick, Mass., schoolteacher, Nick Costes, to give the U.S. a chance for the Patriots' Day laurel wreath. The younger Kelley, a ten-year veteran at 25, had finished fifth in 1953, seventh in 1954. Costes had placed a strong third last year.

Princely Guests. While Kelley and Costes trained near Boston, the dour Finns jogged doggedly through the hills near Plainfield, Conn., where a group of Finnish-Americans had set up training facilities for Eino Oksanen, a Helsinki detective, and Antti Viskari, Finnish army sergeant, whose trip to the U.S. for the race was financed by the U.S. Finnish-American colony.

The runners were treated as princely guests. "In Finland," explained one of their sponsors, "a marathon runner is very glamorous. What you think of a movie star we think of a marathon runner."

It was clear and cool as 164 runners set out on the road to Boston, a welcome tailwind at their backs. By the time they reached the first checkpoint in Framingham, four men chugged together in the van: Kelley, Costes and the two Finns. By Auburndale, 10 miles from the finish, the race was already narrowed down to easy-striding Kelley the younger and the chop-gaited Viskari, with Kelley slightly ahead.

Record, Record! At the steep grade known as Heartbreak Hill, near the Boston College campus, the Finn put on steam, gained a 75-yard lead. Kelley put on a burst of his own, picked up 25 yards. But Viskari was still running steadily. Desperately, Kelley tried to catch up, but with no success, and as they sprinted down Commonwealth Ave., Viskari pulled away, turned into Exeter St. and loped to the finish line two blocks away. Mayor John B. Hynes clapped the laurel wreath on his head and adoring Finnish-Americans enshrouded him in a blanket. Unsure of Viskari's English, an admirer shouted: "Record! Record! Understand?" Viskari grinned as well as he could. His time: 2 hr. 14 min. 14 sec., fastest marathon ever run. Kelley, 125 yards back at the finish,



GIANTS' MAYS SCORES WINNING RUN OPENING DAY*

The pros provided the heat.

crossed 19 seconds later, also breaking the old record.

Said an exhausted Kelley: "I could have run farther, but I couldn't run any faster." The one consolation for the U.S. is that Kelley and Costes may get another crack at the Finns in the Olympic Games at Melbourne. But this is dampened by the fact that there are several runners back home who can beat Marathon Victor Viskari. "We run good because there isn't much else to do," explained one of the Finns. "Besides, we are very close to the Russians."

Play Ball

First, somebody forgot to assign a man to raise the U.S. flag at Ebbets Field (an improvement over 1953, when the Dodgers couldn't even find a flag). Then, in a fit of haste, the Brooklyns ran their World Championship emblem up the pole above the Stars & Stripes.

Otherwise, the 1956 big-league baseball season got off to a hot start last week in cold, dank weather. There were rookies in almost every lineup, but it was the big-name pros who provided the heat. Philadelphia's Robin Roberts, hoping to win 20 games for the seventh straight year, pitched a typical Robertsonian game, was slammed for nine hits, five for extra bases, yet beat the Dodgers 8-6. The Giants' Willie Mays performed some run-scoring aggression at home plate (*see cut*), personally accounted for the winning run over Pittsburgh, did the same the following day. The Cardinals' Stan

Musial hit a home run to beat Cincinnati. The Yankees' Mickey Mantle walloped two out-of-the-park homers to help lick Washington (and added two more homers by week's end). And the Red Sox's Ted Williams expertly dumped three hits into left field against the right-side "Williams shift" to pace the Sox to victory over Baltimore.

Confusion, though, followed the Dodgers. Partly as a gesture to jolt New York State taxpayers into helping them to build a new stadium, they crossed the Hudson to Jersey City for a second "opening game," the first of seven regular-season "home" games they will play there this year. Somebody gave Jersey City Mayor Bernard J. Berry a ball to throw out. Came time for the historic throw, "Mr. Mayor, the ball," an aide prompted. "The ball?" echoed His Honor with surprise. "I gave it to some kid." The game itself, complicated by the poor playing surface in Roosevelt Stadium, was a literal comedy of errors (eight of them, five by the Dodgers), and Philadelphia Third Baseman Willie Jones somehow managed to spike himself while running under a pop fly.

But by week's end the world champions had settled down with the rest of the teams for the 154-game grind, and the sportswriters had dutifully filed their predictions. The overwhelming consensus: the Yankees and the Dodgers again.

* By kicking ball out of Pittsburgh Catcher Danny Kravitz' glove.

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Norman Dean—Birmingham News

ALABAMA'S CRISP & PLAYERS
 Just ball, that's all.

Walkout

Although the Crimson Tide of Alabama has ebbed to its lowest point in history on the football field (10 games, 10 losses in 1955), the university is still generous enough with its "grants in aid" to athletes to earn 1) a frown from the Southeastern Conference and 2) the services of more than 100 young men of brawn and promise. In return for the free education it gives them, most of the Alabama football, basketball and baseball players live a life apart in their own dormitory, Friedman Hall, and are regulated stiffly as to bedtime and weekend privileges, allowed little free time. In effect, the athletes are cut off from most of the good college life. They have few dates, seldom become campus leaders, are often looked down on by fellow students as hired freaks. "They're supposed to play ball and that's all," explained a campus poet. Despite these disadvantages, the muscular young men of 'Bama have put up with their lot, accepting it as a fair price to pay for a degree and the quick fame of the sports page.

Last week, after six of his scholarship students were shaken up in a 3 a.m. automobile accident, Athletic Director Henry ("Hank") Crisp decided that athletic dormitory regimen should be tightened still farther. Henceforth, decreed Hank, the occupants of Friedman Hall would have to observe a flat 11 p.m. weekday curfew (12:30 a.m. Sundays), apply to their coaches for weekend passes, do four hours of compulsory study instead of two on week nights if they lagged in studies. This was too much for the brawny 'Bamans. Above an entrance to the dorm appeared a sign: "Don't talk to the prisoners." Growled a disgruntled senior: "This isn't Russia." Then, after a meeting, 92 of them packed bags and stomped out of Friedman Hall, vowed not to return until the rules were eased.

The athletes moved into fraternity houses or stayed with friends; a hastily elected committee of twelve, under Varsity End Dan Coyle, went to Crisp with an ultimatum: abolish the bed checks for athletes whose sport is not in season, grant unlimited weekend privileges, can-

cel the four-hour compulsory study rule. Otherwise, said the athletes, they would not go back to Friedman Hall and they would not even play for Alabama.

For two days, Crisp toasted on the spot. Not only had Alabama completely segregated itself from victory on the football field—it also needed new talent to replace its graduating 1956 Southeastern Conference basketball champions. Blatant signs of unrest such as this were certain to hurt the university's high-pressure recruiting campaign.

Crisp had no alternative, so he backed down, called off his tightening of the rules. The athletes, victory won, repacked their bags and moved back into Friedman Hall, ready "to play ball, and that's all."

Scoreboard

¶ C. V. Whitney's Head Man, with Eddie Arcaro up, trailed Winding Way Farm's Golf Ace the entire mile and a furlong distance in the \$61,000 Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica, finished 2½ lengths back, but was awarded first place after films showed Golf Ace bore out and cut off Head Man in the stretch. After the race, Arcaro agreed to ride Head Man in the Kentucky Derby next week at Churchill Downs, where highly favored Needles and Career Boy are already working out.

¶ While World Champion Shotputter Parry O'Brien outdistanced Newcomer Bill Nieder (60 ft. 2½ in., vs. 59 ft. 7½ in.) in the feature event at the 31st annual Kansas Relays, a University of Texas team whirled to a new world record in the 440-yard relay. George Schneider, Jerry Prewitt, Bobby Whilden and Frank Daugherty ran the quarter-mile in 40.1, a tenth of a second under the world mark set last May.

¶ Understroking Pennsylvania all the way, Princeton's varsity crew whipped the Quakers by a length and a quarter in the two-mile Childs Cup Regatta on New York's Harlem River. Added to its impressive victory over Navy and Navy's resuscitated 1952 world champions (TIME, April 23), the performance established Princeton as a leading contender for the U.S. Olympic rowing assignment.

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ART



CURATOR WALKER & BACCHANTE

gained a place among the world's first-rank art museums.

Last week Director Finley, having good reason to be satisfied with a job well done, announced that he will retire July 1. His successor: erudite and affable John Walker, 49, who, as the National Gallery's chief curator since 1939, has been Finley's right-hand man.

To his new job Art Historian Walker brings the wealth of knowledge he first began storing up when, at 13, an attack of infantile paralysis set him haunting the galleries of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum in a wheelchair. Convinced that he wanted to become a museum man, Walker went to Harvard ('30), breezed through the Fogg Museum training course *summa cum laude*, found time on the side to found (with Ballotomane Lincoln Kirstein and Esthete Edward M. M. Warburg) the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art (profaned by other Harvard men as the Society for Contemptuous Art) and contribute to Kirstein's then fashionable, upperbrow *Hound and Horn*.

Walker topped off his art schooling with a John Harvard scholarship and a chance to study in Italy for three years with Renaissance Connoisseur Bernard Berenson. Walker recalls the period as "sheer, undiluted bliss." Equally pleased with his prize pupil, "B.B." calls Walker "my favorite biped." In 1935 Walker was appointed fine arts director at the American Academy in Rome; there he married the daughter of British Ambassador Sir Eric Drummond, the late Earl of Perth. He came home in 1938 to help lay the groundwork for the National Gallery.

In his new top billet, Director Walker's task will be to shift the Washington National Gallery's emphasis from collecting (80% of gallery space is already filled) to the development of a center for popular art education and scholarly research.

Architectural Fair

Two years ago West Berlin sent out invitations to the world's architects, asking them for low-cost plans to rebuild Berlin's bombed-out Hansaviertel, an upper-class district bordering the Tiergarten. By last week West Berlin housing authorities had put their stamp of approval on 56 plans, already had six under construction. The new apartment city promises to become one of the world's most handsome showcases of what's new in modern low-cost architecture. Pick of the new buildings:

¶ From France, Le Corbusier, designer of Marseille's Radiant City (TIME, Feb. 2, 1948 *et seq.*) and India's new city of Chandigarh (TIME, June 8, 1953), submitted the most controversial project of all. In an effort to win over Europe's most famed architect, Berlin city officials agreed to waive low unit costs, promised Le Corbusier a top commission, drew the line only when plans for his 300-apartment building showed ceilings only 7 ft. 5 in. high. "Le Corbu" argued such low ceilings were "adequate for Americans and London bobbies, so why not for Berliners," threatened to withdraw. In one week 4,700 Berliners wrote to Berlin's *Tagespiegel* (2,000 pro v. 2,700 con) before Le Corbu agreed to raise living-room ceilings to 8 ft. 2 in., but testily kept bedrooms as they were.

¶ From the U.S., former German Bauhaus Leader (now a U.S. citizen) Walter Gropius sent plans for a curved-front, eight-story apartment house. Set on stilts, the building will be constructed of white concrete and white enameled metal.

¶ From Brazil, Oscar Niemeyer submitted a toned-down version of his usually flamboyant tropical style. His plan, approved last week, won acclaim at once. It calls for an eight-story, glass-ended

New Pilot, New Course

When Lawyer David Edward Finley, now 65, became first director of Washington's National Gallery, the nation's No. 1 showplace was scheduled to open with a meager ratio of only 30 works to every acre of pink marble halls. But in 18 years of skillful piloting, Director Finley has steered into the National Gallery outstanding private collections owned by such millionaire art lovers as Samuel H. Kress, Chester Dale and Lessing J. Rosenwald, and has watched the collection swell to more than 1,200 paintings and 326 sculptures. Under Finley the gallery

NEW ACQUISITION: BOSTON'S COURBET

FEW painters managed to outrage the respectable standards of their day with more gusto than France's master of 19th century realism, Gustave Courbet. In his time he kept up a running battle with critics, who found his work sordid and common, termed him a "butcher" and "a great stupid painter." Today Courbet's work is attacked from the new academy of abstraction as too photographic.

Courbet's crime lay in giving monumental treatment to everyday subjects and drawing some of his deepest inspiration from direct contact with nature. Among his favorite areas were the forests near his native Ornans. It was probably there that in the 1860s he painted *Forest Pool* (*see opposite*), recently acquired by Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, in which he set down a summer's instant in breathless hush remains a delight to hunter and nature lover alike.

Scoffing at the idealized classic and romantic ideals in vogue, Courbet took his cue from reality as he saw it. "Angels! Madonnas! Who has seen them?" he once shouted, adding, "The first time one comes in here, don't forget to let me know." To young art students Courbet declared: "Art exists only in the representation of objects, visible and tangible to the artist . . . There can be no schools; there are only painters."



PAINTER COURBET

What caused Courbet as much trouble as his subject matter (a village funeral, peasant stone breakers, farm women winnowing wheat) was his own self-centered swagger and robust peasant's appetite. One of his favorite painting subjects was himself (*see cut*). He accepted an admirer's praise by assenting with gusto, "I paint like *le bon Dieu*." A sturdy, black-bearded bohemian, Courbet would sit up drinking until dawn, once on a trip to Munich defeated 60 Bavarians in a four-day drinking bout. His taste in female models (many of whom became his mistresses) was equally gargantuan.

Freethinker Courbet, once praised by Socialist Philosopher Pierre Joseph Proudhon as "the first true socialist painter," plunged into the Paris Commune uprising of 1871, was elected president of the short-lived Federal Commission of Artists. Later, when the conservatives returned to power, they accused Courbet (unjustly) of destroying Napoleon I's bronze column in Place Vendôme. Imprisoned, Courbet later went into exile in Switzerland, after the French government had sent him a bill for restoring the column and confiscated his property. Plagued by money worries and by waning powers, he stepped up his daily wine ration to ten quarts, rapidly went into a decline, died of dropsy at the age of 58.



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apartment house honeycombed with private balconies. To service the building, which will rest on 12 V-shaped stilts, Niemeyer has housed the elevator in a separate wedge-shaped structure.¹⁰ To cut costs, stops will be made only at the top and at the fifth floor (given over to communal TV rooms, library, nursery). This economy measure, Niemeyer confidently predicts, will give apartment dwellers who will have to walk up or down to their front doors the "desirable illusion" of living in a two-story building.

From Berlin's Ludwig Lemmer came the plans for a new Kaiser Friedrich Memorial Church, going up on the ruined foundations of the old Kaiser Wilhelm Church. Main feature: a tall, concrete spire (*see cut*), which Berliners are calling "The Spiked Helmet of God."

On the nearby site of the former Reichstag, Berliners will also have a new Con-



KOSTER
LEMMER'S EVANGELICAL CHURCH
"The Spiked Helmet of God."

gress Hall, mainly financed by U.S. government funds. Designed by Cambridge (Mass.) Architect Hugh Stubbins, it will have seven conference halls, theater and 1,200-capacity auditorium. Outstanding feature: a flaring sunbonnet roof moored by long steel cables.

So pleased are West Berliners that they have decided to replace their annual West Berlin Industrial Exhibition for 1957 with an International Construction Exhibition. Their twofold purpose: 1) give the world an on-the-spot look at their new architecture and construction; 2) put on display West Berlin's answer to East Berlin's mile-long Stalinallee, done in approved Moscow style. West Berliners expect to win in a walk. Stalinallee, with its small windows, warped doors, faulty plumbing and fallen idol, is already being called "The Street of the Great Mistake."

¹⁰ For one outside elevator already built in the U.S., see BUSINESS.

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"Day after day! night after night, one sits—amusing oneself as best one can—at a thousand concerts. Every night one hears the same tired instruments making the same tired noises. A cry from the violin, a boom from the drum. For 150 years the only new instruments to be invented are the saxophone, the musical saw, *musique concrète* and electronic devices. Why? In the United States, of course, there is TV. But what do we French do with our nights?"

Thus prattled Paris' François Baschet, 36, an enterprising fellow who has been

tive tone, can be deflated or patched like an inner tube. "After I invented it, I wanted to know why it worked," he explains. The search led him to Paris' National Library and books of 19th century acousticians, e.g., Helmholtz. Their theoretical discussions flashed through Baschet's teeming imagination and emerged as sounds—new sounds of otherworldly groans, melodic thuds and haunting echoes, which came from the vibrations of two metal spirals plus a plastic resonator. Baschet took his "sound" to a musician friend named Jacques Lasry, who proclaimed it "interesting." With Lasry's encouragement, Baschet has completed

Copland: Piano Concerto (Leo Smit, piano; Radio Rome Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer; Concert Hall). Sometimes called the "Jazz Concerto," this was written in 1926 (three years after Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*) and went far to establish Copland as a characteristically "American" composer. It is a fairly lurid work, with emphatic syncopations and jazz-age atmosphere; it still works, but it has become pretty corny.

Dallapiccola: Canfi di Prigione (St. Cecilia Academy Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevich; Angel). Italy's most important composer, Luigi Dallapiccola, admires both Schoenberg's twelve-tone system and Palestrina's pure, polished polyphony, and these long, supple "songs of prison" combine some interesting aspects of both.

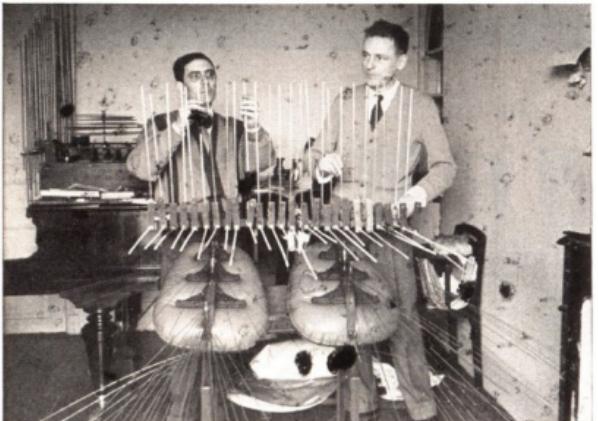
Lament for April 15 and Other Modern American Madrigals (Randolph Singers; Composers Recordings, Inc.). Thirteen songs for five *a cappella* voices, composed by such U.S. composers as Ulysses Kay, Kurt List, Charles Mills, some funny, some atmospheric. The title song is Avery Clafin's setting to music of portions of the federal income-tax instructions (TIME, Aug. 22).

Mozart: The Magic Flute (RIAS Symphony Orchestra, chorus and soloists conducted by Ferenc Fricsay; Decca, 3 LPs). Despite its slightly studied style and rather tubby sound, this is the finest recording yet to appear of the 165-year-old masterpiece. Soprano Maria Stader makes Pamina a joy to the ear; Rita Streich is awesomely secure in the Queen of the Night's sky-high aerobatics, while the two leading men, Tenor Ernst Häffiger and Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, use their handsome voices with distinction.

Mozart: A Musical Joke (Members of the NBC Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner; Victor). A rustic but often appealing suite composed in Mozart's most sophisticated period, designed to illustrate some of the musical pitfalls he so consistently avoided. Many of them are too subtle for untrained ears, but when two French horns sail into a strange key and bump unceremoniously, it is quite clear their music has been incorrectly transposed. Just what pitfalls Mozart had in mind for the brief but cacophonous end is not clear—perhaps all of them blended into one.

Prokofiev: Suite from The Love for Three Oranges (London Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinski; Westminster). A luscious performance of some of the late master's wittiest notes, including the pompous march (ironically made famous by its use as the theme for radio's *FBI in Peace and War*). One of Westminster's plush "Laboratory Series," it comes in a heavy-plastic zipper envelope and is premium-priced. The sound is very good indeed.

Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Abbey Simon, piano; The Hague Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willem van Otterloo; Epic). One of the most gifted of the middle-young U.S. pianists, Abbey Simon, 35, revels in this



EXPERIMENTERS LASRY & BASCHET WITH INSTRUMENT
This is the future of music?

Israel Shenker

spending his nights inventing instruments to give the listener something new: "A cello with an echo, an instrument that sounds like the human voice, a piano that weeps—an infernal clavier. If I make 21st century instruments for the 20th century, tant pis."

In his apartment last week, Inventor Baschet proudly displayed the result of his nightwork: a monstrous collection of iron plates, steely spirals, glass rods in spiky rows, pneumatic cushions of red-and-white plastic, wires, bolts and screws, hammers, dampers. One instrument looked like a pair of inflated pontoons tangled in elephant grass and topped by the huge backbone of a fish. He tapped, squeezed, rubbed, twanged, and out of the contraptions came an amazing series of sounds—some of them hootingly sepulchral, some barkingly savage, some bewitching in the echoing tintinnabulations they set in motion. "Here you see the future of music," said Baschet last.

Baschet's first musical invention was a collapsible guitar, built around an inflatable plastic cushion. It has a soft, seduc-

four nameless instruments, all of them already in their third incarnations, and plans to invent a score more.

Most advanced composers see hope for new musical sounds in the field of electronics, but Baschet disagrees. "Our music is to electronic music what fresh peas are to canned peas," he says. His instruments produce a tumult of resonant echoes—in contrast to the comparatively orderly overtones of orchestral and electronic instruments—thus automatically providing the dissonance that modern composers love. "All these resonators produce an ensemble of other sounds awakened by one note. As with metaphysics, it is precisely the chaos that is interesting."

New Records

Music of Bulgaria (Ensemble of the Bulgarian Republic conducted by Philippe Koutev; Angel). Untamed and even frightening music, only occasionally tempered by sweetness. The instruments are twangy strings, bagpipes, flutes, drums. Recorded during the troupe's visit to Paris last year, this is a fascinating record.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY



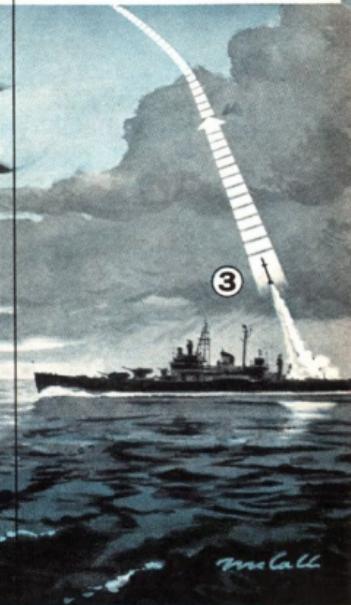
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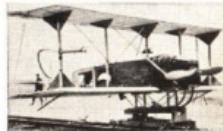


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still-romantic score, is equally fluent at turning the ripe melodies and rippling the intricate passagework.

Rostropovich Plays Bach (Vanguard). The latest Soviet musician to reach U.S. concert stages in his first LP. Like his predecessors (Pianist Emil Gilels and Violinist David Oistrakh), Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich has flawless technique and a dedication to the music that casts a spell. The cello is hardly a wieldy

instrument, but he makes it nimble.

Other noteworthy new records: Bartok's *String Quartets 1 & 2*, played by the Vegh Quartet (Angel); Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, with Mario Del Monaco, Renata Tebaldi and Cesare Siepi (London, 4 LPs); Verdi's *Rigoletto*, with Maria Meneghini Callas, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Tito Gobbi (Angel, 3 LPs); *Caruso*, an anthology of the tenor's records from 1902 through 1920 (Victor, 3 LPs).

MILESTONES

Born. To Jill Faulkner Summers, 22, only child of Nobel Prizewinning Novelist William Faulkner, and Paul Dilwyn Summers Jr., 27, University of Virginia law student: their first child, a son; in Charlottesville, Va. Name: Paul Dilwyn III. Weight: 7 lbs. 13 oz.

Married. Ruth Chandler Roosevelt, 21, granddaughter of F.D.R., daughter of Elliott, now a Colorado rancher; and Henry D. Lindsley III, 27, Midland, Texas oilman; in Fort Worth.

Married. Autherine Juanita Lucy, 26, first Negro student admitted to the University of Alabama, who was suspended and then expelled after stormy protests by segregationists (TIME, March 12); and the Rev. Howard Foster, 27, ministerial student; in Dallas.

Married. Grace Kelly, 26, Philadelphia-born cinemactress; and His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III of Monaco, 32; in dual civil and religious ceremonies in Monaco (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Married. Margaret Truman, 32, only child of former President Harry S. Truman; and E. Clifton Daniel Jr., 43, assistant to the foreign editor of the New York Times; in Independence, Mo. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Divorced. Artie Shaw, 45, clarinet-toting bandleader, author of the self-analytical autobiography *The Trouble with Cinderella*; by wife, No. 7, one-time Cinemactress Doris Dowling, 32; after nearly four years of marriage, one child; in Las Vegas, Nev. Among Shaw's better-known former wives: Cinemactresses Lana Turner and Ava Gardner (Nos. 3, 5), Novelist Kathleen (Forever Amber) Winsor (No. 6).

Died. Raymond Waller, 19, the National Muscular Dystrophy Research Foundation's poster boy since the organization's founding in 1950; after wasting away from the disease for 15 years; in Port Arthur, Texas. Adopted by widowed Mrs. Louise Waller from an orphan home in Austin after he was discovered as an abandoned infant in a Waco movie theater, Raymond fell an early victim to the crippling disease that afflicts some 200,000 people in the U.S. and for which neither cause nor cure is known.

Died. Charles MacArthur, 60, newsman, playwright (co-author with Ben Hecht of *The Front Page*) and husband of Actress Helen Hayes; of an internal hemorrhage; in Manhattan (see THEATER).

Died. William Henry Harrison, 63, president of International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., director of procurement and distribution of radio and electric equipment for the armed forces during World War II, head of the Government's Defense Production Administration during the Korean war; of a heart attack; in Garden City, N.Y.

Died. James Floyd Smith, 71, one-time dauntless barnstorming flyer and test pilot, who invented the modern ripcord parachute, founder of the Pioneer Parachute Co.; of cancer; in San Diego.

Died. Irene Langhorne Gibson, 83, the "Original Gibson Girl," widow of Artist Charles Dana Gibson, second of the "five beautiful Langhorne sisters of Virginia" (including Britain's Lady Astor); in Greenwood, Va. As pictured by her husband, with her sweetly haughty expression, hourglass figure and stylish pompadour, she became the gaslight era's symbol of genteel femininity; influenced the dress, manners and flirtations of a generation of U.S. girls.

Died. John Arnold Heydler, 86, old-time sportswriter, chairman of the board and longtime (1918-34) president of baseball's National League; after long illness; in San Diego. Heydler began his career as a printer's devil, once carried a proof of a Government document to the White House, where he recited *Casey at the Bat* for President Cleveland. He helped to install baseball's first commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, and was a pioneer in establishing the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y.

Died. Emil Nolde (real name: Emil Hansen), 88, pioneer German expressionist painter, who, with others of a group called *Die Brücke* (the Bridge), brought a vivid emotional style into German painting; in Seebüll, Germany. A major influence on German art, Nolde painted vigorous, glowing canvases, was a member of the Nazi Party, sold his "decadent" painting to Art Lover Hermann Göring while Hitler looked the other way.

More work per typist promised by daffodils

Two daffodils weigh about two ounces. They dramatize this fact: It takes less weight than this to depress one key of the new Royal Electric. It takes only 3 ounces to depress the carriage return key.

It all adds up to this interesting fact: It is thirteen times easier to do these jobs on the new Royal Electric than on a non-electric typewriter.

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Wholesaler and
Meat Packer



No. 4 in a Series
Cities of the
Northern Plains

JUST BELOW THE ROCKY falls of the Big Sioux River, where the rich, fertile farm lands sweep back for miles from the river's edge, stands the city of Sioux Falls—Joe Foss' home town, and the pheasant center of the U. S.

Food processing and wholesaling are Sioux Falls' major industries. From the gently rolling fields that stretch in every direction come corn, wheat, oats, barley, flax and soybeans. Livestock and dairying are multi-million dollar businesses in Sioux Falls, and its busy stockyards supply the raw material for the city's most important single industry—meat packing.

The largest city in five states, Sioux Falls is a natural wholesale distribution point. Five railroads and two airlines serve the community, which is also a truck transportation center. Each autumn, hunters come by the

thousands to Sioux Falls in search of ring-neck pheasant. Scenic beauty is everywhere, and Sioux Falls is a good place to live as well as to visit. Twelve city parks provide ample facilities for golf, tennis and swimming. Three colleges and a modern public school system offer excellent educational facilities.

Sioux Falls, with its newly organized Industrial Foundation, has many advantages to offer industry. The new Joe Foss Field Industrial Park and

other manufacturing and warehouse sites with trackage and utilities are readily available. Labor is plentiful, productive and cooperative; water is abundant, and natural gas, delivered to the city by Northern Natural Gas Company and distributed locally by Central Electric & Gas Company, provides an economical, dependable fuel supply. For details, write the Central Electric & Gas Company, Sioux Falls, S. D., or the Area Development Dept., Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

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The Northern Plains

EDUCATION

Report Card

In a special report on Chinese students and scholars in the U.S., the Institute of International Education produced a powerful rebuttal to the Communist charge made in Geneva in May of 1954 that the U.S. is "forcibly retaining" many students contrary to "the principles of international law and humanitarianism." In addition to regular ECA funds, said the report, the State Department has spent more than \$8,000,000 helping more than 3,600 students and scholars cut off from funds from Red China. Of the 1,300 Chinese who have left this country, about 930 received at least part of their travel expenses from the Government, and 791 of these received emergency aid. During the Korean war, the U.S. detained 150 students who had acquired skills that might



Walter Bennett

NWC STUDENT DISCUSSION GROUP
"What the hell are we supposed to be doing here?"

have been of military aid to the Communists. But when the last detention was lifted in 1955, only 39 students chose to return to Red China.

After a three-hour session behind closed doors, the trustees of Princeton University decided the problem that had raised a rumpus extending all the way to Congress: Should the American Whig-Clio-Sophic Society, the oldest student debating society in the U.S., be allowed to hear a speech this week by Convicted Perjurer Alger Hiss? Though unanimously disapproving the invitation, the trustees answered yes by a 26-4 vote. The society, they explained, obviously had no "subversive intent." Therefore the trustees had decided to "refrain from authoritarian censorship."

The University of Illinois announced that it had expelled 22 students for cheating—one for breaking into a professor's room and stealing an accounting exam, two for mimeographing the exam, all three for selling copies for \$5 apiece, and 20 more for buying or using the copies. Total profit of the black-marketeers when caught after one mistakenly tried to sell an exam to a fraternity house adviser: \$87.

School for Grand Strategy

In the study room assigned to him at the National War College, an Air Force colonel stared glumly one day last August at the pile of books he had drawn out of the college library only a few hours after reporting for duty. The books were on history, sociology and economics—quite a shock for an officer who, a few days before, had been leading jet bombers across the Atlantic at 40,000 ft, as commander of a SAC B-47 squadron. "Has the Pentagon gone off its rocker?" the colonel asked a classmate. "What the hell are we supposed to be doing here?"

By last week the colonel had other ideas about his assignment. Now in its tenth year, the National War College at Ford Lesley McNair in southwest Washington, D.C. has trained 997 promising

Hours flow smoothly as a Strauss waltz—aboard an SAS Royal Viking. You dine royally on Continental cuisine, sleep in a luxurious dormette seat or airfoam berth. Tourist thrifit, too, with SAS comfort, transatlantic, or over the SAS polar route from Los Angeles.

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NEW DEPARTURE

BALL BEARINGS

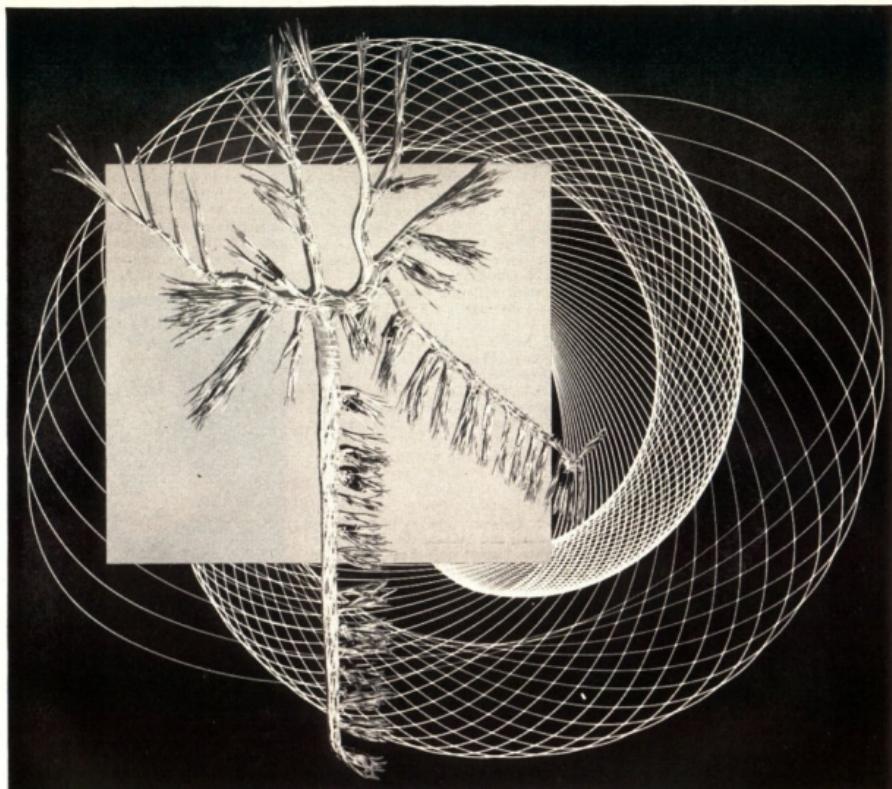
NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Force have 34 men each, the Navy 26, Marine Corps 7, the State Department 18, Defense and USIA 3 apiece. Other students come from the Coast Guard, Bureau of Treasury, CIA, the Bureau of the Budget. All students wear civilian clothes on the theory that uniforms and emblems of rank create false barriers.

Russia's Viewpoint. NWC's 17 regular instructors (five Air Force, four Army, three Navy, one Marine, four civilians) use no set textbooks, give no marks. For part of the time, students are divided into six-man to eight-man study committees, are rotated into new committees every four weeks. Each committee takes up a hypothetical problem, researches it, discusses it, then draws up "position papers" for the U.S. and its allies. Sample problem: "The time is May 1956. The U.S.S.R. sends simultaneous notes to the U.S., France and Britain proposing the immediate unification of Germany with some degree of militarization. Assignment: prepare position papers for the U.S., France and Germany." Another hypothetical question: What should the U.S. do in case "volunteers" in Indo-China suddenly sweep across the 17th parallel in Viet Nam? Or, swinging around to figure Soviet strategic thinking: What should the U.S.S.R. do in light of Red China's growing power?

Few colleges can boast the type of guest lecturer that the NWC can command, e.g., Vice President Nixon on foreign policy, Lebanon's Charles Malik on the Middle East, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce on U.S. policy toward Italy. Between lectures and seminars, NWC students must also prepare annual theses of 6,000 to 12,000 words on such subjects as "Racial Factors in International Relations" or "The Korean Armistice and Its Consequences." Then during their last weeks they reach the climax of the term: each student gets a 23-day field trip to Europe, or Asia, or South America, or the Middle East to talk to local military and political leaders. When the students return, each presents to the class a final briefing on what he has seen and heard.

Of the 297 Army men who have graduated from NWC, 161 are now generals. The State Department's graduates include Ambassadors Max Bishop (Thailand), John M. Cabot (Sweden) and Robert McClinton (Cambodia). But more important than any individual success story is the fact that hundreds of officers and officials in the different services have learned something about working together. As one Army colonel put it last week: "Before I came here, I used to see State Department papers that conflicted with what I thought should be done on a particular problem. I'd get impatient. I'd say, 'What's the matter with those jerks?' Well, I've been sitting in groups and committees and riding in car pools with State guys, listening to them and arguing with them. I can appreciate their problems, and I guess they know I have some too. I won't rage at them in the future, I know they're trying to do the same thing I am—help this country."



This intricate wiring harness is part of the "nervous system" of AUTONETICS' MG-4 armament director for jet aircraft.

Man has created a nervous system with reflexes faster than his own

Today's jet planes fly at speeds far beyond man's capacity to think and act. That's why today he is designing electro-mechanical stand-ins... automatic systems that expand his reasoning power, his nervous-reflex action, his muscular ability.

For example, shooting a crow with a rifle from a moving jeep would be quite a trick. But suppose the crow were flying at 750 mph? And suppose you were angling across at more than 800 mph! Hard to imagine, yet it illustrates the problem our jet pilots would face if they had no mechanical helpers. Fortunately, our jets have armament control systems like the AUTONETICS-designed and built MG-4 Fire Control. This automatic system enables jet pilots to hit even invisible targets flying at supersonic speeds. It calculates every factor in split

seconds—speed of target, wind velocity, angle of approach—and directs the pilot through a complete attack.

Armament control systems are but one of the electro-mechanical avenues which the AUTONETICS Division of North American Aviation is exploring. Others include auto pilots, auto navigators, computer systems and special products.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man says:



"Life insurance should fit the client—instead of the client fitting a policy."

If the provisions of a life insurance policy mean that you must change *your* objectives to conform to those of the policy — something's wrong! Life insurance should conform to *your* objectives though it may require a combination of policies instead of one. "Fitting" life insurance to clients' needs is the all-time, lifetime career of Mutual Benefit Life men like Marvin V. Henkel, C.L.U., of Newark. If you don't know your local man's name, write Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.



The Winners

The American who did best at the stock market last week was a ten-year-old boy. Leonard Ross, 4 ft. 4 in. tall, of Tujunga, Calif., started reading books about far-off Wall Street at the age of seven, when his father, a certified public accountant, roused his interest in the market. Once Lenny had acquired some learning, it was plain that the way to make a killing without risking the capital he didn't have was to become a contestant on a television quiz show.

The show with the best showmanship and most glamour is CBS's *The \$64,000 Question*. But another test of a giveaway show is how much the show gives away. For seven weeks Lenny faced big questions about stocks and the stock market on NBC's *The Big Surprise*, the show that gives away more than any other in the world. Once, at the \$50,000 question, Lenny gave the wrong answer, but the next week, under the show's rules, he was rescued and given another try. Last week, with no option, under the rules, but to try again, Lenny correctly answered an intricate, five-part question that required 13 answers, and became the fourth winner of the biggest quiz-show jackpot of them all—\$100,000.

Asked what he will do with the money, the winner said he will give some to organized charities, treat his grandmother to a trip to Montreal, buy his father some high-fidelity phonograph equipment, give his mother a tape recorder, improve his knowledge of finance, buy himself a subscription to the *Wall Street Journal*. But the newspaper phoned right after the show to tell him that the subscription was free. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was on hand to give Lenny another present in gratitude for the publicity: \$2,500 worth of any listed stock he wants, plus \$40 a month for five years to put into a monthly investment plan.

One financial lesson that Lenny will soon learn without benefit of study: after taxes, his winnings will add up to only about \$33,000.

Bill Pearson, 35, a 106-lb. jockey who is an art expert with a leaning toward pre-Columbian primitives, had a tough going-over before he initially appeared on CBS's *The \$64,000 Question*. Like any other promising candidate, he was thoroughly screened. The *Question* likes candidates to be "attractive TV characters" (i.e., "characters" without being too odd), to display a paradoxical facet of personality (e.g., a cop who likes Shakespeare or a Southerner who digs Lincoln), and to demonstrate a certain *expertise* in a chosen field of knowledge. For two hours a day on four consecutive days, Bill Pearson got the treatment: he was rigorously questioned by three men while a fourth silently looked on. Unnerved at last, Jockey Pearson pointed to the silent

observer and asked: "Who's he?" "He," Pearson was told, "is the psychiatrist."

"I'm Sorry, Honey." Pearson, who lives in Pasadena, Calif., not only made the grade with the interrogators and the psychiatrist, but with televiewers as well. Last week he was on hand to say whether he would go for the \$64,000 jackpot. Facing the cameras, he told millions of viewers that he had made a promise to three people close to him. They were his wife and the two men from whom he had learned to appreciate and treasure art: California Art Expert Millard Sheets, and



William LeFevre

EXPERT ROSS
The \$67,000 lesson.

Movie Director John Huston, amateur art collector and race-horse owner, for whom Jockey Pearson has ridden in California and in Europe. The promise Pearson had made, he announced, was that he would take the \$32,000. Then he turned to his wife in the studio audience and said, "I'm sorry, honey. I lied to you."

With Expert Sheets in the booth to help him, Pearson was shown copies of six famous portraits and asked to name their subjects, painters and one person with whom each of the painters had studied. Tension mounted as each answer was ticked off. Pearson ticked off the first: Erasmus by Hans Holbein the Younger, student of his father, Hans Holbein the Elder. Then he identified Pope Innocent X by Velasquez, who studied with Herrera.

"I'm the Proof." Meanwhile, Pearson's wife nervously bit her fingernails. Director Huston was listening on the transatlantic telephone from Ireland at a cost of \$435. Finally Pearson, with furrowed brow, got to the last tongue-twisting identification: Don Manuel Osorio de Zuniga by Goya, student of his father and of José Luján y Martínez. He was



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All growth is dependent on a constant intake of vital elements — carbohydrates, fats, proteins, vitamins and minerals. In the body, each is involved in the creation of living tissue.

Carbohydrates and fats furnish energy; proteins the building blocks. This incredibly intricate and sensitive series of metabolic processes is sparked by vitamins and minerals. Even a minor deficiency of any of these elements can destroy the delicate balance, and delay the course of normal development.

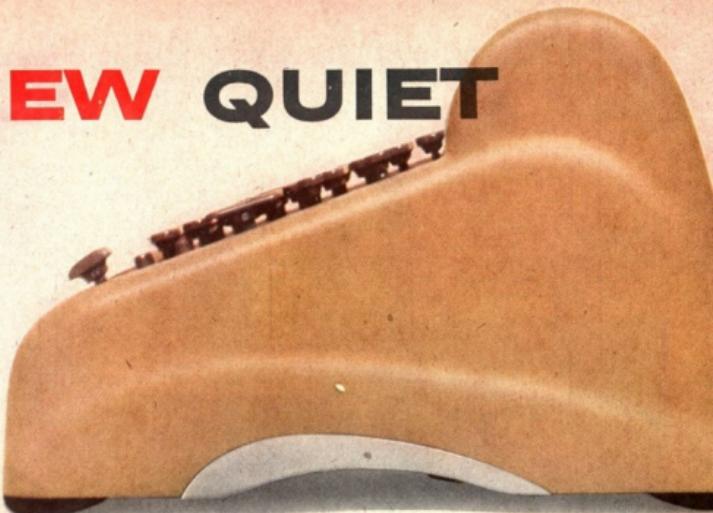
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There's a Burroughs for every need in the new Series C. Phone our nearest branch office. Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan



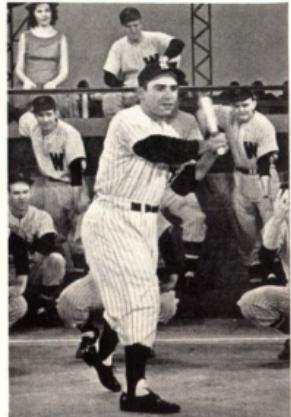
"BURROUGHS" IS
A TRADE-MARK

right. But by then pretty Mrs. Pearson had passed the breaking point; she collapsed and spent the rest of the week in bed nursing a severe case of jitters. Jockey Pearson, down to 97 lbs. from worry, celebrated by consuming large amounts of strong waters and crying, "I'm the best proof that clean living doesn't pay."

Next month he is off to the South Seas, where he will play a role (at \$1,000 a week) in Director Huston's version of Herman Melville's *Typee*.

The Week in Review

Having gorged itself on plays, books, short stories, musical comedies, old movie plots and original scripts, television last week plunged into biography. Since it was dealing with real people, TV took a



Jack Zwillinger

YOGI BERRA & BALLET
Molly was in the locker room.

reverent tone; its opinions were uncritical and its emotions lachrymose.

E=mc². The most ambitious project was Robert Montgomery's *Portrait of a Man*, which struggled to compress into less than an hour the life and times of Albert Einstein. Properly despairing of trying to explain E=mc² to his audience, Producer Montgomery tried instead to build up a lovable Mr. Chips. He failed, largely because the camera never showed anything but the back of Einstein's head and because the human-interest anecdotes (Einstein flusters a colleague's wife by telling her how to cook calf's liver; Einstein flusters the parents of a little girl by doing her arithmetic homework) were played at tedious length. But Montgomery, who is also the White House television adviser, was consoled for his failure when he learned that President Eisenhower's TV speech explaining his veto of the farm bill got a large portion of the audience that tuned out the Einstein program.

CBS did somewhat better for William



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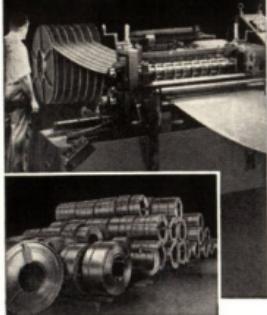
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SLITTING LINES

Jennings Bryan in a *You Are There* report on the first of his three nominations for the presidency. Ainslie Pryor, as Bryan, got a rocco fervor into his big "Cross of Gold" speech that captured the deadlocked convention and enabled the Great Commoner to enter—and lose—the presidential race against William McKinley. *Circle Theater* took another agast look at Communist intrigue with *The Case of Colonel Petrov*, who defected two years ago from the Soviet embassy in Australia. As pictured on TV by Michael Gorin, Petrov seemed far too dumb to have been head of Red espionage down under, and the show spent much of its time commiserating over the soul struggles of Sanford Meisner, playing the Australian countertenor who won Petrov to freedom.

Berra Ballet. The arrival of the baseball season was heralded with another brace of biographies. ABC's *Cavalcade Theater* offered the life story of Jackie Jensen, an outfielder for the Boston Red Sox, but its only dramatic high point seemed to be that, except for baseball, Jackie might have been expelled from junior high school. On *Climax!*, *The Lou Gehrig Story* possessed more inherent drama as paralysis ended both the career and life of the great Yankee first baseman, but unfortunately, the TV treatment was strictly soap opera. NBC got in another plug for the national pastime with *Salute to Baseball*, which made a couple of daring moves by putting Yogi Berra in a ballerina from the Broadway hit, *Damn Yankees* (he uneasily swung a bat while dancers pranced about him), and Molly Goldberg in a locker room (she clucked at the sight of baseball spikes: "Look at the poor boys' shoes—the nails are coming through the soles!").

NBC's *Alcoa Hour* made history by discovering a new way of treating the classic TV western story—Writer Alvin Sapsin put it in blank verse. Even more surprising: it worked. Franchot Tone, Lee Grant and Christopher Plummer played the three tragic figures who end as corpses on a dusty street, while Boris Karloff leaned confidentially into the camera as a one-man Greek chorus to give poetic expression to the eternal verities of life, death, and man's irreparable foolishness.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 25. Times are E.S.T. through Sat., April 28, E.D.T. thereafter.

TELEVISION

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *Noon on Doomsday*, with Everett Sloane.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Noel Coward and Dr. Vannevar Bush.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Dodsworth*, with Fredric March.

RADIO

Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). "The Record Collectors," a symposium of early American pop music.

Boston Symphony (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). With Violinist Zino Francescatti.

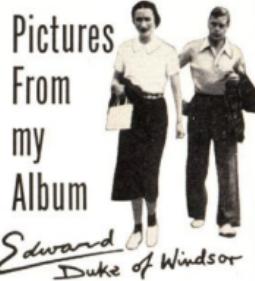
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The magazine of Togetherness
in 4,600,000 homes

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A D P is Moore's term meaning AUTOMATED DATA PROCESSING.

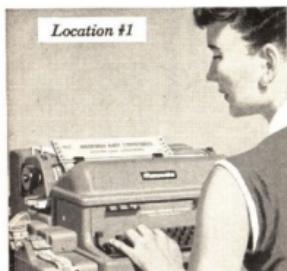
It is greater efficiency...speedier processing of information...continuous operation. It uses automatic machines where companies need them to facilitate transactions in great bulk. The smaller company may need only a simple system, with minimum equipment, for purchasing, invoicing, shipping or collecting. A D P will meet any requirement.



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Moore forms take information at every point where needed.



Sales Office Customer acknowledgment is made and the salesman's order typed on 4-part Moore forms. The machine punches the information in Tape #1, and it is wired to...



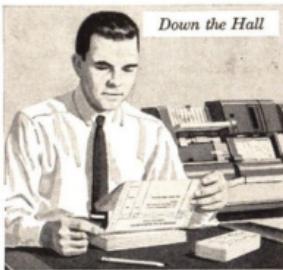
Production Control The information comes in on machines that also punch Tape #2. Schedule dates are added on automatically typed 13-part Moore orders, punching Tape #3 for...



Plants The incoming wire punches Tape #4. The plants use it to automatically type master orders for plant copies. This furnishes instructions to start producing the customers' orders.



Main Office Meanwhile, duplicates of Tape #3 have been received and will be used to prepare customer invoices, on Moore forms. A by-product is Tape #5 containing selective data.



Machine Accounting Tape #5 feeds the sales and shipment figures into card punches. The punched cards are put through electronic equipment for analyses of sales and other reports.



The Decision Makers Now sales figures are up-to-the-minute. Decisions are based on company conditions today, not yesterday or last month. Such control was never possible before.

Moore forms are the heart of the system...they deliver the ADP benefits



4-part
Order Form



13-part Pro-
duction Order



6-part
Invoice

They take the information where it's needed. Now orders are acknowledged immediately and filled the same day in most cases. Accuracy has become the rule. Specifications are right and descriptions detailed, with errors in transmitting now practically nonexistent. Management knows what's going on and has control.

Moore forms, of every kind and description, are designed to fit any business system, even a simple operation. Any company, large or small, can enjoy ADP benefits like those above and can start by calling the Moore man in. He's in the Classified or can be reached by writing the nearest Moore office, below.

MOORE BUSINESS FORMS

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. • DENTON, TEXAS • EMERYVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Since 1882 the world's largest manufacturer of business forms and systems.

Over 300 offices and factories across U. S. and Canada



BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

On the Treadmill

Like a sprinter on a treadmill, U.S. industry is finding that no matter how fast it runs it cannot catch up with increasing consumer demand. Last week American Telephone & Telegraph Co., which set an industrial record for yearly spending with the \$1.6 billion put into expansion in 1955, announced that it was still unable to close the gap. This year, said A. T. & T. President Cleo F. Craig, the world's biggest utility will spend a staggering \$2.1 billion merely to keep from falling farther behind. With 47 million phones already in service, orders for another 3,000,000 are expected and every Bell subsidiary is snowed under by an 11% increase in long-distance calls.

With the shower of good first-quarter earnings reports (see below), other companies voiced their confidence in the increasing appetite of the growing U.S. population. B. F. Goodrich Chairman John L. Collyer announced a \$200 million plant expansion in the next five years, nearly \$60 million more than in the last five. Youngstown Sheet & Tube, already committed to a \$40 million outlay in two years, is pressing so hard to keep up with rising steel demand that it is considering tackling another \$20 million onto the total.

In the shortage-ridden aluminum industry there was the promise that supply would catch up with demand. The Aluminum Co. of America unveiled plans for a huge, \$80 million smelting plant near Evansville, Ind., to turn out 150,000 tons annually, increase Alcoa's primary capacity 33% to 942,500 tons a year in 1958. When the plant goes into operation in the



George C. Craig

A.T. & T.'s CRAIG
The line is busy.

fall of 1957, the industry will have to expand old markets, find new ones to keep growing. But the job should not be too difficult. In autos alone the potential is enormous. Said Alcoa President I. W. Wilson: "The current automobile models average 34 lbs. of aluminum per car. Next year it will probably average over 40 lbs., and the potential aluminum use is 200 lbs. per car in the near future."

High Tide

Before 3,700 stockholders meeting last week in Schenectady, General Electric President Ralph J. Cordiner announced higher sales and higher profits thus far in 1956 than ever before in history. First-quarter sales were \$946 million, a climb of 14% from last year's record; earnings rose to \$54.9 million for a 5% increase and another peak. Said Cordiner, casting a sharp eye at the overall economy: "Instead of talking about a possible slowdown, we should be making a vigorous effort to catch up with our long-term opportunities. It now appears that many of the ten-year projections made for the economy in 1952 will be realized in seven years. Before the decade is half over, we are three years ahead of our projections."

Other first-quarter reports:

¶ In the slowed-down auto industry, Chrysler's first-quarter profits were down an estimated 50% to some \$17 million. Yet giant General Motors, with sales of \$3 billion, almost equal to 1955's record, lost only 9% with net earnings of \$283 million for the first quarter. Ford's net dropped 28% below last year to \$73,700,000, but it was still the second-best first quarter in the company's history.

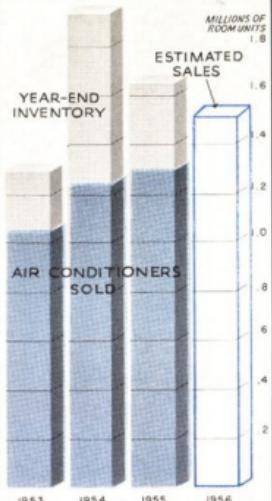
¶ In chemicals, Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. touched new high ground with first-quarter sales of \$310 million, up 18%, and earnings of \$36.2 million, up 28% over 1955.

¶ In steel, demand was still racing far ahead of supply. Operating at 110% of rated capacity, Jones & Laughlin had earnings of \$13.6 million, up 40%; Republic Steel's profits were at \$25 million, up 37%; Crucible Steel's at \$3,680,000, up 63% over 1955's first quarter.

¶ In pharmaceuticals, Merck & Co. reported earnings of \$5,200,000. Parke, Davis & Co. earnings of \$4,100,000, and Chas. Pfizer earnings of \$4,598,000, all between 18% and 50% higher than 1955's first three months.

¶ In the aircraft industry, rising development costs on new planes clipped 28% from Douglas earnings, brought them down to a net of \$5,113,000. But as more and more businessmen took to the air, Cessna Aircraft Co. became undisputed king of the small plane makers, with a sales jump of 45% to \$33 million in the past six months. Cessna's commercial business alone was currently running at more than double the 1955 rate, big enough to boost first-half earnings about 60% to some \$1,700,000.

Cold Comfort



Time Chart by J. Donovan

MODERN LIVING

Air-Conditioned Boom

During a blizzard that blanketed Upper Darby, Pa., last month, Appliance Dealer Mort Farr bought TV time to advertise an air-conditioner sale. Reported Farr: "It was the best sale I ever had." Last week, though the weather was milder, air-conditioner sales were setting new records throughout the U.S. Sales of room coolers alone were up 100% over last year's first quarter. The selling period for conditioners, once as brief as the bikini season, is now being extended throughout the year as more and more consumers think of air-conditioning, with its filtered air, as a year-round necessity rather than a summertime luxury.

From ½-ton window units for single rooms to the 2,000-ton monsters that keep big-city skyscrapers habitable, every size and shape of mechanical conditioner will roll out in record quantities this year. The top-heavy inventories of window units that plagued the industry for the past two years have been cleared out, and manufacturers expect retail sales of all types to be \$3.2 billion in 1956, up a cool 10% from last year's record \$2.9 billion (see chart).

25 Million Customers. Homeowners and apartment dwellers will buy the greatest number of units sold this year. By the end of 1956, U.S. windows will have sprouted 1,500,000 new room air-conditioners, up 23.6% since 1954. Room-

unit sales have been boosted by new designs that eliminate overhanging cabinets, new, thin models that can be installed in the walls of buildings and houses, and low-powered units (7.5 amperes) that can be hooked up in old houses without rewiring.

But the brightest prospects for a long-term boom are in central residential systems that provide year-round heating and cooling of houses. Installed cost: \$1,000 for a six-room General Electric unit, v. \$1,500 in 1952. Last year 130,000 central units were installed in U.S. homes, up 68.5% in one year. This year, central-unit sales are expected to leap another 23% to 160,000 units. Moreover, some 25 million U.S. homeowners who have central heating plants are potential customers for built-in air-conditioning.

Deductible Comfort. Air-conditioning manufacturers, who do something about the weather as well as complain about it, say that hot and cold spells still throw seasonal estimates out of kilter; e.g., demand rose 200% during a six-week heat wave last July and August. But the trend to bigger, more expensive units has sharply reduced impulse buying. Government agencies also have boosted non-seasonal equipment sales. For example, the Federal Housing Administration recently approved inclusion of central air-conditioning in basic home-mortgage loans. The Internal Revenue Service permits sufferers from hay fever, asthma and heart disease to deduct the cost of cool comfort on their tax returns.

Eying their huge potential market, some manufacturers are even beginning to worry that sales will take too big a jump in 1956. Said one industry spokesman: "Some people predict as many as 200,000 central residential units will be sold this year. We don't have the qualified contractors to install that many units."

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Elastic Man

Next to Gina Lollobrigida, Italy's greatest pneumatic export is the Pirelli automobile tire. In Italy the huge Pirelli rubber company is as well known as *pasta* and Puccini: *bombini* suck Pirelli nipples, their parents slumber on Pirelli foam rubber mattresses, millions stride about daily on Pirelli-made rubber soles and heels. Pirelli is Italy's sole maker of tennis balls and linoleum, its biggest producer of raincoats, rubber sponges, battery cases, overshoes and ice bags. Every year Pirelli turns out enough high-tension wire to stretch to the moon and back, and its coaxial cable piped the wedding of Grace Kelly to TV stations all over Europe.

As Italy's third largest business—and one of its biggest dollar earners—Pirelli turns out 55% of all the nation's rubber products. With 16 foreign plants scattered from Belgium to Brazil, the company peddles its broadly diversified line

MERGER CURBS are making fast headway in Congress. The House has passed (and the Senate is expected to approve) a bill requiring large companies to give the Government advance notice of all proposed mergers involving combined assets of \$10 million or more. If the Government does not object within 90 days, the merger can be completed, though still subject to possible court action later.

LATE FLIGHTS by scheduled airlines have grown so numerous that the CAB plans to require all carriers to complete at least 75% of their flights on time. Those that fail will have to revise their schedules.

HOTELMAN CONRAD HILTON, whose globe-girdling empire already takes in eleven foreign cities, will move into another. In a joint venture with former Queen Rambai Barni of Thailand and local businessmen, Hilton will build and operate a \$4,000,000 hotel in Bangkok with all the luxury trimmings: 300 air-conditioned rooms, restaurants, shops, and a roof garden overlooking the city's canals and temples.

FORD'S CONTINENTAL is slowing after the first rush to buy. After starting out at 20 cars a day, production is down to six cars daily. But Ford's Thunderbird whizzes merrily on, with first-quarter sales up 7%, and forecasts for 20,000 cars in 1956 v. 17,000 last year.

MILLION-DOLLAR MOTELS near Pittsburgh and Williamsburg, Va., have proved so successful for Knott Hotel Corp. that the chain will build (at a total cost of more than \$3,000,000) and operate three more near Washington, Pittsburgh

in 112 nations and principalities, employs a worldwide staff of 50,000 people.

But Pirelli's achievements are not only commercial. President Alberto Pirelli, 74, has passed on so many benefits of free enterprise to his workers, in the form of high wages and fringe and other benefits, that he has furnished Italian businessmen with one of the best examples of how to fight the Communist unions that dominated Italian labor in the postwar years. Last week, when the votes were tallied for this year's elections in Pirelli's plants, anti-Communist unions handed the Reds a solid shellacking. At Pirelli's big Turin plant workers voted 54% in favor of anti-Communist unions, tumbled the Red vote from 60% to 46% in a year. The Communists vote in all Pirelli plants fell below 50% for the first time since World War II; anti-Communist unions won a clear majority with 64 of 113 seats on plant councils, thus democratic unions became the major bargaining agents with the company.

Cables for La Scala. Italy's greatest international enterprise began in the ferment of Italian nationalism in 1870, when a patriotic young engineer, Giovanni Bat-

and Groton, Conn. Washington motel, first to be built, will have 125 air-conditioned rooms with private balconies, a restaurant, an Olympic-sized swimming pool with cabanas.

FARM PRICE SQUEEZE is easing a bit, says the Department of Agriculture. Farm prices have inched up 3% since the first of the year, with the result that the parity ratio (what farmers get v. what they must pay for manufactured goods) increased to 82% by mid-March, two points higher than last December but still four points below March 1955.

WESTERN AIR LINES is taking its first step into the jet age. It will buy nine 410-m.p.h. Lockheed Electra propjet transports (cost: \$19.5 million), put them into service in 1959-60. Another jet order: from West Germany's Lufthansa, which is joining the transatlantic jet race by spending about \$20 million for four pure-jet Boeing 707s.

FREE LIFE INSURANCE recently offered new car buyers by independent automakers (*TIME*, March 12) is proving more trouble than it is worth. The plan is illegal in many states, and too many buyers misunderstood the deal, thought they were getting liability as well as personal accident insurance.

CLINT MURCHISON, the Texas wheeler-dealer who helped Robert R. Young take over the New York Central in 1954 (*TIME*, June 21, 1954), is stepping out as a director of the railroad "because of pressure of other duties." To take his place: Dallas' Donald H. Carter, a Murchison associate and owner of 15,200 Central shares.

tista Pirelli, learned that the proud new nation of Italy was forced to import rubber hose from its recent enemy France. Two years later Pirelli, then 27, opened a rubber plant in Italy with \$42,000 of borrowed capital, 35 workers and a smattering of experience in the art of vulcanizing rubber. For Italy's new army Pirelli produced some of the earliest military telegraph wires; for Milan's Edison Central Electric Co. he branched out into rubber-coated power lines. His first customer: Milan's famed La Scala Opera House, which has been lighted ever since by Pirelli cables. Rubbermaker Pirelli kept branching out, into bustles, bicycle tires, carefully trained his son Alberto to take over the family business.

Born in the family residence next door to the Milan plant, Alberto Pirelli grew up with the acrid smell of strong chemicals and hot rubber in his nose. At 21 he joined the company, soon proved his talent for promotion and boosting sales. To give the company's auto-tire business a push, he sponsored a 10,000-mile Peking-Paris drive in 1907. In Paris the next year he became the first Italian ever to ride in an airplane (with Orville Wright, for ten

INTEGRATION IN THE SOUTH

Industry & Labor Make It Work

IN the South's worried soul-searching over desegregation, Southern businessmen have found a new cause for alarm. They fear that the uproar may scare away their star boarder: new industry from the North. In the lead article of its April issue, the Southern Regional Council's *New South* cautions: "The bright future of the South in industry is being dimmed by racial tensions." Opie D. Shelton, executive vice president of the Baton Rouge Chamber of Commerce, warned the Southern Association of Chamber of Commerce Executives: "Boycotts, economic reprisals, incidents of violence—these are new factors which will now be given consideration by industry and business when they consider a Southern location. The South faces a crisis such as it has not met in its lifetime."

In some cases, labor unions have heightened the sense of impending crisis. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., which set out to combat racial discrimination as one of the prime aims of the unified labor movement, has offended many Southern unionists and unorganized workers by supporting integration. In Alabama and Tennessee angered locals are threatening to secede from parent unions, demand lily-white, "Anglo-Saxon" unions.

But despite such scattered outbreaks of rebellion, there is no evidence that the integration issue has slowed the industrialization of the South. The chief reason is that industry is the most successful exponent of desegregation in the South, though Southerners are reluctant to admit it. From the steel mills of Birmingham to the docks of New Orleans, the Negro worker, once relegated to menial jobs and Jim Crow unions, is moving steadily across the color bar into skilled jobs and nonsegregated union locals.

In Memphis the International Harvester Co. has had no trouble, though it has been promoting Negroes to skilled foundry and machine jobs since the plant opened in 1948. Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Georgia's biggest employer, has been equally successful in assigning Negro workers to skilled assembly and fabrication jobs at its huge Marietta bomber plant, recently hired its first Negro engineer. In some Southern cities women office workers of both races also work desk by desk. Even in Mississippi, where former Governor Hugh White vowed last year that segregation would be preserved "until hell freezes over," dozens of industries from the North have integrated workers without incident.

In a major breakthrough toward equality of opportunity, Texas oil workers this year have succeeded in abolishing a discriminatory "dual promotion" system, under which Negroes were hired only as laborers and could not compete with white workers for operating jobs. At Beaumont's Magnolia Petroleum Co., the first company to scrap the old system, 32 Negroes have already stepped into operating jobs, while 13 whites have been hired as laborers.

Despite the threats of revolt, A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders see little danger of mass secession by segregationist locals, mainly because organized workers would be reluctant to forfeit the contracts and bargaining power they have won through international unions. In union affairs and on the job, most organized workers in the South today recognize that equality of opportunity and pay benefits all workers, regardless of race. Drinking fountains, washrooms and cafeterias are usually still segregated in Southern plants—in most cases by state law—but union activities are nearly always integrated. In many locals, e.g., packinghouse, textile, woodworkers, elected Negro officers represent members of both races.

While Northern management and union leaders have led the fight for job equality in the South, many longtime Southern industries that have resisted unionization are also opening up skilled jobs for Negroes. Probably no Southern industry has taken greater strides toward integration than the building trades. White and Negro masons (among the industry's best-paid workers) now work side by side: Negro plasterers even outnumber whites.

Far from boasting about the progress of desegregation, most Southern businessmen still act as though equality were a dirty word. In a typical reaction, a North Carolina industrialist who was discussing plans to broaden skilled-job opportunities for Negro workers, cautioned: "If we got any publicity on this, everyone would be on our necks next morning. The key word is 'inconspicuous.' We've got to do these things just as quietly as possible." Nevertheless, desegregation of industry remains one of the most powerful liberating forces in the South today. And it will continue, since industries are less concerned with emotional considerations than hard economic fact: the South's critical shortage of skilled labor can only be met by training and promoting workers on the basis of capability, not color.

minutes, at an altitude of 30 ft.), was inspired to start making and selling free balloons and dirigibles. A Pirelli airship, the *Norge*, carried Roald Amundsen across the North Pole.

Bags for Vegetables. At his father's death in 1932 Alberto Pirelli took over the company, led it through its worst disaster—World War II, which left the company's machinery smashed, its warehouses empty, its workers disorganized and ripe for Communist conquest. Pirelli scoured Milan for temporary offices and all Italy for capital. With Marshall Plan funds, and U.S. machinery pouring into Italy, he was able to build five brand new factories, refurbish his old plants with automatic machine tools and Detroit-style conveyors.

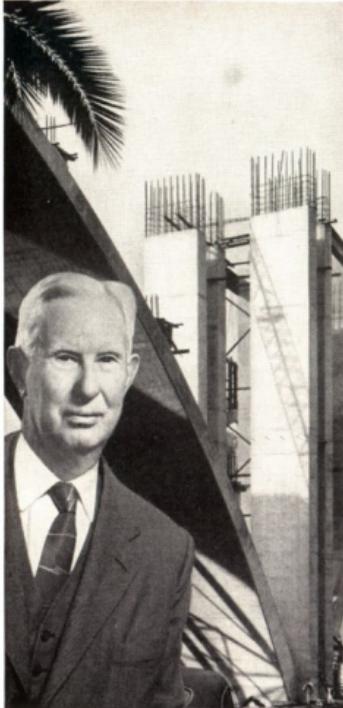
From wartime frogman equipment he adapted skindiving suits, became Europe's



PIRELLI'S PIRELLI
Next to Gina, the most.

biggest producer of rubber fins and rafts. With U.S.'s Visking Corp. (plastics) Pirelli worked out a license deal, is now taking Italy's vegetables out of open street stalls and packaging them in polyethylene bags. But Pirelli's biggest business is still tires, notably racing tires. Pirelli will design a tire for a particular race, even different stretches of the same race, depending on whether the course is over mountains (where heavy tires are needed) or a flat straightaway (where light-walled tires are needed to dissipate the heat).

Guns For Revolt. Though he is a shy and patrician cosmopolitan, Pirelli has proved himself one of Italy's best tacticians at dealing with the Communist-run CGIL unions. For decades the Pirellis—like other Italian industrialists—kept their underpaid workers toiling in stifling, smoky factories for long hours, thereby presented Communist organizers with a ready-made example of capitalism exploiting the worker. After World War II Pirelli workers openly formed factory soviets,



"I talked with Guy F. Atkinson, chairman of the internationally known California construction firm which has built among others, the huge McNary Dam and Pasadena's Arroyo Seco Bridge (shown under construction above).

"If anyone should know the importance of safety it would be Mr. Atkinson, who says: 'When I started in the construction business, there was no such thing as workmen's compensation or safety engineers. When a man got hurt, a company took care of him and his family. So we had two things to worry about—our job and the man out of a job.'

"Now, Employers Mutuals has taken this latter concern out of our minds. Their safety engineers consult closely with ours, and help us to make accident prevention as much a part of our job as blueprints, bulldozers and concrete. And Employers Mutuals pays us substantial dividends for savings made possible thru accident prevention."

Employers Mutuals, with offices in 90 cities, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative or call us in Wisconsin on our special line, Wausau 2-1112.

There's a little bit of Wausau in "sunny California"



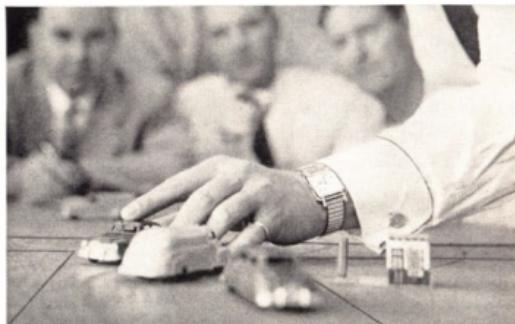
A WAUSAU STORY

by EDWARD PRENDERGAST
Feature Writer,
Los Angeles Herald Express

"How far is it? . . . a little over two thousand miles from the North Woods of Wisconsin here to our Pacific Coast. Yet, as I found out, Employers Mutuals does business here in the same warm, personal way as among its Wisconsin neighbors at home. The friendliness of Wausau folks is really catching!"

"Until I took on this assignment, I didn't know any more

about Employers Mutuals as a company than you might. I'd heard they had a reputation as 'good people to do business with'. But it wasn't until I got out and met a few Employers Mutuals people and their policyholders that I began to get an idea that here are people with a very unusual approach to insurance problems. They seem to have a knack for getting through to the heart of the problem . . . the human side. They emphasize fairness, they listen, they have a strong belief in preventing accidents rather than just waiting for them to happen. These pictures and captions tell you the story."



"Playing with toys . . . to save lives. Imagination can do a lot to make people safety conscious. Here's a good example. The Frito Company's Western Division wanted some dramatic way of impressing safety on the drivers of all company cars and trucks. With the help of Paul Kacher, an Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, they found a unique solution. Once a month on Saturday mornings a Frito committee

plus Mr. Kacher (who volunteers his time) reviews all company vehicle accidents, if any, during the past month. Each accident is carefully reconstructed on a board with streets marked—using toy cars. The committee and Mr. Kacher try only to determine the cause of an accident and how it could have been prevented. It's surprising the positive thinking that results from these sessions. Frito's safety record proves it!"



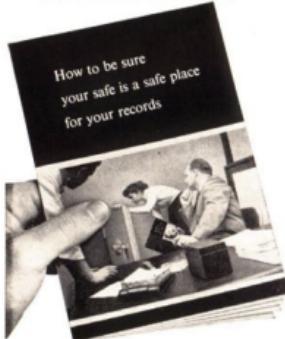
"Good people to do business with."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

FREE!

"How to be sure your safe is a safe place

FOR YOUR RECORDS"



NEW 24-PAGE MOSLER BOOKLET TELLS YOU

- what makes some safes dangerous
- how much protection to expect from a fireproof building
- what records should get priority in a small safe
- what's needed to collect fully on fire insurance
- what special precautions to take with cash
- what to look for in buying a new safe and answers to dozens of other vital questions.

-FREE! Mail Coupon Now!-

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Please send me FREE booklet described above.

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COMPANY _____

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CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____



Wm. R. Frutchey

MANHATTAN'S NEW COLISEUM
Nine acres without a fence.

PROMOTION

A Temple for Mecca

boldly seized and briefly ran one plant. Less than four years ago anti-Communist police squads pulled surprise raids in Milan, uncovered in one Pirelli plant a Red arsenal that included scores of machine guns, three 20-mm. cannon, seven bazookas, 700 rifles and Tommy guns.

To defeat the Communists' militant spirit with propaganda, Pirelli followed a simple, highly effective strategy: he began sharing the fruits of free enterprise with his workers. As he improved factory conditions, building modern plants in place of the smoky sweatshirts workers once knew, he added a free medical, surgical and hospital plan (cost to the company: \$1,600,000 annually), also built modern, low-cost housing for 7,180 Pirelli families.

Pirelli put in cafeterias to give all workers at least one big meal every day at a nominal fee of eight lire (about 1¢) per meal. Sample menu: minestrone, roast veal, vegetables, cheese, dessert, half a pint of wine. Workers can go to free vacation camps on the Italian Riviera; their children can go to the Italian Alps in summertime, while retired oldsters can spend their waning years in a free home at Iduno, near Lake Como. As individual productivity has gone up to double prewar records, Pirelli has rewarded his workers with repeated pay boosts, pushed their real wages up 96% in eight years, or a 28% rise in Italy's cost of living. Result: for the first time Pirelli workers can afford motor scooters, TV sets, even small cars.

As a champion of free enterprise Alberto Pirelli expects to keep his company growing, and workers' living standards rising. Says he: "I hope we never stop." Suiting his action to his words, President Pirelli jauntily set out for North America this week to inspect his newest wire and cable subsidiary in Mexico, then will head north to open still another new 300-worker plant in St. Johns, Quebec.

By spending standards, the convention mecca of the world is Manhattan. In 1955 alone, 2,265,000 delegates spent \$213 million during 756 conventions. But Manhattan had a problem: the best exhibition hall was Grand Central Palace, a huge, outdated, twelve-story structure, which the Bureau of Internal Revenue took over in 1953. This week, at a cost of \$35 million, Manhattan opened a new convention temple: the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority's mammoth Coliseum at Columbus Circle squarely in the center of Manhattan Island. Tied in with three subways, it is easy to reach and has facilities to please even the most critical businessman.

In brick and marble, the Coliseum rises four levels high, has 20 floors of office space above. The nine acres of floor space can be used for one gigantic show, or fenced off for smaller ones. A wide truck ramp leads up to the second floor; 49-ft.-long elevators, big enough to handle the largest trailer-rig on the highways, can carry exhibits to the top floors for unloading at display booths. The building has daylight lighting, complete air conditioning in all its display space, built-in floor connections for telephones, water, gas, electricity, radio and TV, and seating space for 10,000 people if exhibitors want to turn the second floor into an auditorium.

Before Manhattan's new Coliseum even opened its doors, it was assured of success: the hall was virtually sold out for the first year. For the gala opening week alone, the Coliseum expects 500,000 to turn out, will put on three huge exhibitions at once: an International Auto Show of 150 models (130 are foreign makes, and most of them are making their U.S. debuts); the Fifth Internation-

Destinations Unlimited...

Northrop Aircraft, Inc., is a pioneer and world leader in the intercontinental missile field. The recently-disclosed U. S. Air Force Northrop Snark SM-62 is only one of the notable accomplishments in the development of strategic and tactical guided missiles that assure Northrop and its subsidiary, the Radioplane Company, a future of continued leadership in the science of pilotless flight.

If you want a creative, life-long career in jet aircraft or missile research, development or production, contact the Manager of Engineering Industrial Relations at Northrop. Here years of proved achievement assure you the challenge and rewards you are seeking.



NORTHROP

NORTHROP AIRCRAFT, INC.,

1025 E. Broadway, Hawthorne, California

Pioneers in All Weather and Pilotless Flight



Natural Way adding



wins fans fast for new 10-key Friden machine

Just put your hand **HERE** ...then watch what happens **HERE**

—to feel how every finger (of either hand) falls into natural, easy working position...how the over-size, plainly labeled control keys give direct "live" response...how Totals and Sub-totals are obtained instantly by depressing bars, with no space strokes required. This is the first adding machine to fit the human hand—the first new keyboard granted a patent in years!

Ideas about adding machines are changing fast since Friden developed *Natural Way* adding. Seems like everybody wants to go 10-key with Friden! Your Friden Man can show you why—call him. Friden sales, instruction, service throughout U.S. and world. **FRIDEN CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.**, San Leandro, California.

NEW! New model Friden offers rapid multiplication with automatic step-over of multiplicand.

Friden
THE NATURAL WAY ADDING MACHINE
THE AUTOMATIC CALCULATOR
THE COMPUTYPER • THE ADD-PUNCH MACHINE

al Philatelic Exposition, with 575 stamp exhibitors from 69 governments and \$5,250,000 worth of rare issues, including the famed century-old British Guiana one penny black stamp; a National Photographic Show, with 170 exhibits worth some \$10 million, including a glass-walled tank to demonstrate the latest underwater photography techniques.

For the months ahead Manhattan's new Coliseum already has another 36 shows booked into its halls at rentals ranging from \$10,000 to \$23,000 for the average two week periods. Next winter Detroit's automakers will hold their first big industry-wide auto show since 1940, spend millions to introduce 1957 models. Hardware dealers, popcorn concessionaires, plastic makers, the hotel and oil industries are all piling in. There will also be a big sewing exhibit, a National Baby & Child Show and an International Sanitation & Maintenance Show this year. All told, the Coliseum expects that rental and concession fees alone will amount to more than \$2,000,000, with U.S. businessmen spending another \$17 million to display their wares.

SHOW BUSINESS The Loud Blue Yonder

To most drive-in movie operators, a nearby military base means a box-office bonanza. But not to Delbert Kinsel, proprietor of the Skyborn Cruise-In at Fairborn, Ohio. Every time a jet from busy Wright-Patterson Air Force Base howled overhead, it drowned out the sound track and rattled the patrons' teeth. To no avail, Kinsel asked the base commander to keep his planes on the ground at night. Once, in desperation, he even sent season passes to all Wright-Patterson pilots, innocently assuming that they would rather see a movie than fly their assigned missions.

Last week Proprietor Kinsel and the U.S. Air Force finally signed a truce. The Air Force made a movie (hero: Delbert Kinsel) to be shown at his drive-in. From the screen he welcomes his patrons, reminds them that they are just across the road from one of the nation's most vital Air Force bases, and points out that each time a jet passes overhead it means that the U.S. Air Force is on guard. He also suggests that by tuning up their carside loudspeakers patrons can still hear the lovers' murmur above the military rumble. Air Force brass will watch the experiment closely; if it works, any U.S. drive-in theater bothered by Air Force planes in the future may be able to get a similar film to soothe its customers and explain why the U.S. Air Force makes history at night.

GOODS & SERVICES New Ideas

Self-Adjusting Camera. A movie camera that automatically adjusts its lens for variations in the amount of light was announced by Bell & Howell Co. A photoelectric cell like a standard light meter controls two small electric motors (pow-

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ered by tiny batteries) that adjust the lens opening to prevailing light conditions. Price: \$289.95.

Sun-Powered Radio. A transistor radio that gets its power from either batteries or the sun's rays was demonstrated by Admiral Corp. To convert the radio to sun power, a small box-shaped unit containing silicon is plugged into the back. The unit absorbs sun rays and transforms them into electrical energy. Placed by a window or in a sunny place, it can gather and store enough energy to operate the radio even on overcast days. The radio will go on sale next month at \$59.95, the sun unit at \$17.50.

Amphibious. For travel-minded vacationers California's Neptune Corp. has put on sale a house trailer that can pull up its wheels and transform itself into a houseboat. Built of steel and marine plywood, a 26½-ft.-long trailer can be powered in water by a 7½ h.p. outboard motor. It contains sleeping quarters for four, a kitchen, dining area and lavatory. The idea has proved so popular in California that Neptune is producing five to seven trailer-boats a day. Price, without outboard motor: \$3,795.

Sightseeing Elevator. San Diego's 15-story, hilltop El Cortez Hotel, overlooking San Diego Bay, has been fitted with a \$100,000 Plexiglas-walled cab that travels up the outside of the building. Built by Glass Elevator Corp. of San Diego, the transparent 16-passenger elevator rides on a hydraulic steel ram 16 inches in diameter and 175 feet long. It starts its upward journey in the hotel lobby, emerges through the second-floor roof above the building's setback, then heads for the 12th- and 15th-floor restaurants. Glass Elevator Corp., which has already lined up other potential customers, says that an outdoor elevator can be put on any skyscraper, no matter how tall, by using cables instead of a hydraulic ram.

TIME, APRIL 30, 1956



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Tri-Pacer



CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Birds and the Bees (Paramount) abet the growing suspicion that Hollywood is engaged in a Machiavellian plot to destroy television by sabotaging TV's best comics. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were the victims in last month's *Forever Darling*. This time, George Gobel walks the plank. Since the essence of Gobel's comedy is intellectual, *The Birds and the Bees* cunningly makes its jokes as physical as possible: Gobel takes pratfalls on land and sea, at home and abroad. When he



Bill Avery

Gobel & Gaynor
Pelf, not self.

isn't getting pie in the face, he is compelled to read limp *double-entendres*, make love to a girl taller than himself (Mitzi Gaynor) and play straight man to David Niven.

The plot: Simple-Simon Gobel, heir to a frankfurter fortune, is dogged by Fortune Hunters Niven and Gaynor. In mid-picture, Gobel concludes that Mitzi wants his pelf, instead of herself, and renounces her. Producer Paul Jones liked this idea so much that he has it played all over again, but it is not much funnier the second time around. About the only bright note: the catchy title song neatly handled by Gobel and Gaynor.

Tribute to a Bad Man [M-G-M]. "A wrangler is a nobody on a horse . . . with bad teeth, broken bones, a double hernia and lice." The self-description sits James Cagney, the bad man of the title, like Cagney sits a horse. The actor is now 52, but what a hoss-bustin', man-killin', skirt-rippin', jug-totin' buckaroo he can still believably pretend to be. He runs horses on his range, hangs rustlers from his trees,

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HONEYMOON AT NIAGARA FALLS



America's most famous honeymoon site is still a favorite with newlyweds. This picture-story of one young couple's unforgettable Niagara Falls Honeymoon makes an intriguing feature in *May McCall's*.

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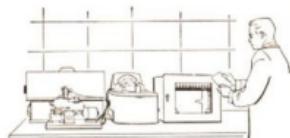
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N. S. Sridhar

GLOSS

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*TRADEMARK

and keeps the home fires burning with a plenty hot number (Irene Papas) who smokes wicked little black cigars between the acts. "I want you feisty!" Cagney croaks, and, just to show his appreciation, he cuts down a mile of trees to bring a piano in, so's she can play it like she used to, back in the house she came from.

The piano has its anxious note. Some 50 winters have weathered Cagney hard, and he begins to wonder if his filly won't



JAMES CAGNEY & IRENE PAPAS
What a man-killin', skirt-rippin' buckaroo.

"stray off" when the "grass . . . gets a little too thin around here." She says she won't, but then they quarrel about the "hangin' fever" that sets in whenever Cagney starts a rustler. The girl runs away with a stable boy (Don Dubbins), but she soon comes back—it's such fun to bang on that piano, "Don't worry," Cagney comforts the boy, "a fellow doesn't die from his first love." And then he leers, "Only from his last."

Seven Wonders of the World (Stanley Warner Corp.), no matter how fine the publicity men sand it, is a travelogue. But the travelogue, as Cinerama presents it, has been firmly erected in recent years as a pillar of the movie community. Since Sept. 10, 1952, two Cinerama productions have grossed about \$50 million, even though they have been shown in only 22 theaters. For the third Cinerama release, the producers have not bothered to refine their process much. The moviegoer is really watching three movies at once, and when, as still frequently happens, one half of a cathedral or a Japanese chorus girl, no matter how solid, is parted from the other by a sudden tear in the seam where the images meet, the trick becomes all too crudely apparent.

"Let's put on our seven-league boots!" cries Radio Newscaster Lowell Thomas, a major stockholder of Cinerama Productions Inc. And away the customers

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OFFICES: COAST TO COAST

go—around the world in exactly 120 minutes, most of them spent in the nose of a converted B-25 bomber, South America? Fly 'em down to Rio for a newsreel shot of carnival time, Japan? Fuji and some geisha girls is what they want to see. ("So long, Yum-Yum!" choruses Lowell. "So long, Pitti-Sing!") On to India for the Taj Mahal, a fast-moving fight between a cobra and a mongoose.

In Africa, elephants; in Arabia, camels; in Greece, the Parthenon; in Italy, the leaning tower of Pisa and a blessing from the Pope. The beaten track has rarely been so beaten. Only one sequence, a flight over the Holy Land, has anything to offer that could not be found in a grade-school geography book. As the plane wings eastward out of Egypt, the passenger looks down upon "the wilderness of Sin," and it is a scene of devastation so appalling that any sane man would as soon walk into a furnace. To see it is to feel the full humanity of the cry that burst from the children of Israel when they saw it ("Would to God we had died . . . in the land of Egypt"), and to feel the red-hot anvil that the law and the prophets were forged on.

The episode is short, and the tourist is soon getting the same old run-around: from Niagara Falls to the giant redwoods to the Empire State Building, and a little white church in Dutchess County. Such scenes might look just as good on postcards; but then maybe they would not look so good on bent postcards.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Swan. For those not invited to the wedding—a pretty, witty fairy tale, written by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by middle-aged Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. For earthlings with that end-of-winter feeling: spring cruise at speed of light to Altair-4—small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting \$60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball, while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film and Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comitridy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 19).

growth... AND THE CONCRETE BLOCK

This abstract design dramatizes the progress of the concrete masonry industry . . . from the solid heavy concrete block of earlier days to the strong lightweight units now available in a variety of sizes, shapes and textures.

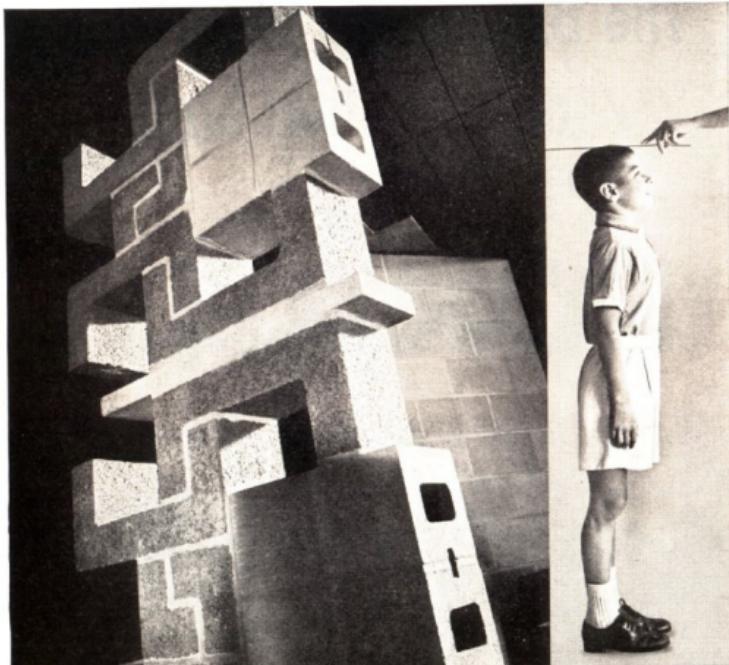
Today, designers and builders everywhere have recognized the exciting architectural possibilities of modern concrete block for all types of construction—contemporary homes, churches of simple dignity, plants of modern industry, civic auditoriums of huge dimensions.

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Sagan's Second

When convent-educated Françoise Sagan¹⁶ dashed off her first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*, in a summer month in 1953 after flunking out of the Sorbonne ("With my family angry at me, I had to do something"), she became one of Europe's fastest-selling, most controversial authors. The limpidly written tale of 17-year-old Cécile (a year younger than the authoress), who maneuvers her father's two mistresses to meet her own needs and causes the suicide of one, quickly became France's biggest bestseller (450,000 copies). Translated into 14 languages, it won the *Prix des Critiques*, touched off a sizzling French literary controversy and,



R. Saint-Paul

NOVELIST SAGAN
"Bonjour" success.

in one U.S. paperback edition alone, sold an astonishing 1,000,000 copies in one month.

Cried Nobel Prizewinner François Mauriac of Sagan's talents: "The literary merit burst forth from the very first page and is indisputable." Others hailed her as a new star of letters. But not all were favorable; Paris divided between the pro- or anti-Sagan factions, and the critics honed their pens in anticipation of Author Sagan's second book. Would it prove her a writer or just another hot flash in the pan?

The second book is now out, and so is the verdict. Sagan's novel, *Un Certain Sourire* (A Certain Smile), written in two months, is the new literary sensation of Paris. FRANÇOISE SAGAN REPEATS HER OFFENSE AND . . . WINS! headlined one weekly. In Paris' *Le Monde*, venerable critic Emile Henriot wrote: "At her flying start two years ago, we could wonder if

this 18-year-old girl, bitterly instructed . . . would be the woman of only one book, this terribly disturbing *Bonjour Tristesse* . . . We had to wait for her second book. Here it is . . . and it is perfect."

A Certain Smile is another tale of extramarital fun and games, this time between a teen-ager named Dominique, who leaves her schoolboy beau, and his suave, older, married uncle. *Smile* in its first month had four printings of a whopping 250,000 copies, already seems assured of outstripping even the success of *Tristesse*. Wags are suggesting that the certain smile shines from the face of René Julliard, her publisher. It will be brought out in the U.S. in August by Dutton.

Revolt in Egypt

THE CRY OF THE KITE [317 pp.] — Maarten Schiemer — Bobbs-Merrill (\$3.50).

Give a country a king who has become an international joke and scandal. Let it be ruled by a clique of entrenched grafters whose platform is to bleed the poor. Equip its army with inadequate and defective weapons and have its soldiers humiliatingly defeated in the field. Result: revolution. So goes the very recent history of Egypt, and so goes the theme of this first novel by Author Maarten Schiemer. *The Cry of the Kite* is a fictionalized account of how fat Farouk's restive Egypt became the spitfire Egypt of Soldier Gamal Abdel Nasser.

As one-half of a two-man news agency, Java-born South African Author Schiemer, now 23, was a fledgling reporter of the Cairo scene for a year beginning in March 1953. He met Nasser and Naguib, original front man of the coup, and made friends with members of the Arab League, the Moslem Brotherhood, Egyptian army officers and plain people of the poor native quarter where he lived. With its probing look at Egyptian attitudes, motivations and customs, the book is written more between the headlines than on top of them.

The Call of the Muezzin. The novel's hero, Dirk Celliers, is a free-lance South African journalist nosing around Cairo for stories to send his London editor. An Egyptian officer friend, Major Khaled, takes him to a cell meeting of the League of Free Officers, a conspiratorial group bent on overthrowing the monarchy. Dirk quickly learns that the revolt has been triggered by a teeth-gnashing shame over the defeat in Palestine ("The hand grenades from Italy which had blown up as soon as you pulled out the pin . . . Spanish field guns for which the wrong shells had been supplied. Mauser rifles which dated from 1912. No . . . we tolerated the internal corruption of our country for too long"). Major Khaled and his fellow officers see Dirk as a useful mouthpiece for outlining their aims to the outside world once their coup succeeds.

¹⁶ Real name: Françoise Quoirez.

As a kind of conspirator-without-portfolio, Dirk finds himself in a jungle of spies and countspies—a hashish-smoking English spiv who feeds both true and false information to the British embassy for the price of his food and rent, a degraded homosexual German who is in the double employ of the palace clique and the free officers' group. Everywhere, too, are agents of the Wafid, the venal party of the land-owning beys and padshas.

Despite the seeping corruption around him, Dirk feels the romantic pull of the minarets, the call of the muezzin, and the wheeling of the slender-winged kites in Cairo's twilight sky. He falls recklessly in love with a raven-haired Coptic 16-year-old named Aziza. Their furtive courtship gives Author Schiemer a chance to explore Egyptian domestic customs from cuisine to boudoir. One custom: the exhibiting of



Harry Weber

NOVELIST SCHIEMER
Farewell romance.

the wedding-night bedsheet to the bride-groom's parents as proof of the bride's virginity.

Anathema on Foreigners. Tampering with history. Novelist Schiemer brings his officers' revolt to a bad end, and with it Dirk's romance. The bloody mob riots that result in the burning of Shepheard's Hotel lead Major Khaled and a few other hothead officers to try an overnight coup. Dirk is jailed briefly and ordered to leave the country. When Aziza and clan hear of his disgrace, he gets an even quicker brushoff. As Aziza screams her parting words, they seem almost like an Egyptian anathema on all foreigners: "Son of a dog! I'll find an Egyptian ten times better than you!"

Author Schiemer sometimes clumps through his plot in Hollywoodian shoes, but redeems himself by capturing the sights and sounds and smells of Egypt with the freshness of a documentary filmed on location. Like Paul Bowles's more accomplished novel, *The Spider's*



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House, set in French Morocco, *The Cry of the Kite* is a blend of the harsh and the exotic, and an entertainingly readable way of catching up on one's global homework.

The Big Bad Americans

THE POWER ELITE (423 pp.)—C. Wright Mills—Oxford (\$6).

As any undergraduate knows, a sociologist is a man who is daily astonished by the commonplace. Usually, this professional sense of wonder finds its outlet in recording masses of data and using them to suggest trends, shifts in manners and mores, and the like. Occasionally one comes along who, like Thorstein Veblen (*Theory of the Leisure Class*), gives society a therapeutic, though not necessarily accurate, boot in the pants. But a few of them suffer from a rare though virulent occupational disease. They become hectoring critics of their fellow men. They scold. They even grit their teeth.

In *The Power Elite* Sociologist C. (for Charles) Wright Mills of Columbia University warns, in effect, that the U.S. is well on its way to hell in a hand basket. Its leaders are morally bankrupt ("America is indeed without leaders"); its people are whipped around by TV and public-relations types and have almost nothing to do with deciding their political fate. Its rich are vulgar and mindless, its poor too gutless to do anything about their condition; its labor leaders impotent fellows and "government-made men." U.S. generals and admirals are "warlords" who pursue their dreadful projects in the mazes of the Pentagon with a total disregard for what the citizenry thinks or wants.

Taken by themselves, these evils might perhaps be survived. But what sends Mills's fever up is his conviction that he smells something—perhaps not a plot, but surely a tacit and cynical understanding among the big-corporation heads, the "warlords" and the "very rich" to take the country away from the common man. This is big; this is cold, naked power wielded by mindless giants who make life-and-death decisions without moral or intellectual regard for the consequences. Success no longer matters, because to achieve success today is to admit one's moral bankruptcy. And men no longer really make the grade: they are hand-picked by corporations who tell them what they want—and get it, or else.

Texas-born Professor Mills uncovers some pretty startling social phenomena. The reader will hear that the rich have more money than other people and so can afford better schools, longer vacations and more luxury all around. Old money, what the sociologist in John Marquand's *Point of No Return* called "mellow wampum," isn't good because it's too snobbish and irresponsible. New money isn't good because it has to be acquired by means that would horrify a hard-working sociologist. Mills does not say how much money a man may accumulate and still stay morally decent.

The Power Elite is written in a kind of



Ben Martin

SOCIOLOGIST MILLS

The rich are richer than the poor.

sociological mumbo jumbo that should discourage all but other sociologists. It is dull, repetitious, and gives equal weight to both sound and spurious evidence. Its underlying tone is one of resentment, and because it offers no suggestion as to how the bogeymen in Mills's belfry may be exorcised, it is intellectually irresponsible. Still it ought to be read, if only for its half truths. It will surely be read with great glee by anti-Americans everywhere. But the average U.S. reader is apt to emerge from this nightmare-shored-hyphipatitudes wondering how, with such irresponsible interlocking monsters running the country, things manage to go so well, and so many people stay happy, decent and prosperous.

Funny & True

COMFORT ME WITH APPLES (280 pp.)—Peter De Vries—Little, Brown (\$3.50).

More than most heroes of this spring's novels, Chick Swallow deserves a wide hearing. His troubles may not be every man's, but every man will understand them. He is modest: "I think I can say my childhood was as unhappy as the next braggart's." He is reflective: "Man is not a donkey lured along by a carrot dangled in front of his nose, but a jet plane propelled by his exhaust." And the surest guarantee that his difficulties will induce immoderate laughter is the fact that he is the creature of Peter De Vries, whose *Tunnel of Love* (TIME, May 24, 1954) was just about the funniest book of 1954. The laughs do not come as fast in *Comfort Me with Apples*, but not many humorists now writing in the U.S. can keep up with De Vries even at his second best.

Helter-Skelter. Swallow's fate is that of youth: dreams and aspirations kicked helter-skelter, as real life (a job, the rent, bills, relatives) runs roughshod over them. Chick and his best friend Nickie Sherman

see themselves as continental wits, though fate has set them down in the town of Decency, Conn. But when they finish the play they are writing, they intend to take care of that. *Wise Acres* is the name of the play, and into it they have toolled such precious dialogue as: "There's Ronnie Ten Eyck. He's living with his mother." "Oh, really? I thought that was all over."

Out of Dartmouth and *Wise Acres* no nearer the boards, Chick and Nickie watch the hidden land mines of life blowing up all around them. Having told himself, "I must under no condition marry this girl," Chick does marry his beautiful but dumb childhood sweetheart, Crystal. What is more, babies follow. Chick's father-in-law, who runs the advice column for the local paper, gets him a job writing Pepigrams ("All work and no play make Jack"). And then the old boy dies "on third" of a heart attack during a charity softball game, and Chick inherits the advice column.

Headlong Course. From then on, *Comfort Me with Apples* runs a headlong course—Chick's affair with one Mrs. Thicknesse, his efforts to keep Nickie from marrying his sister, and then the full-time job of finding a job for Nickie. Crystal announces a \$65 alienation-of-affection suit, but doesn't go through with it because nothing had really happened with Mrs. Thicknesse (later Chick decides that an affair is like Turkish coffee: "The trick is to stop before you reach the grounds"). Poor Chick is a loser even in small things. When he chides waiter with "Look, I distinctly asked for a demitasse. You've given me a large cup," he is coldly instructed: "Just drink a little." Finally, here is Chick Swallow, balding and growing a pot, writing: "The bonds of matrimony are like any other bonds—they mature slowly." And Nickie, dreamer of superior dreams, goes his melancholy way from a failure as a rookie policeman to driver for the Tidy Didy diaper service.

It all ends a bit better than that, and on the way, Author De Vries has punned the reader to a pulp, winded him with laughs, and done what only truly funny writers can do: exhibit man, frail and vulnerable, with such true ludicrousness that what starts as a belly laugh winds up as a rueful smile.

Through a Glass Darkly

THE CUP OF FURY (190 pp.)—Upton Sinclair—Channel Press (\$3).

"As long ago as 1938," writes Upton Sinclair in *The Cup of Fury*, "a statistician estimated that some 732 books bearing my name had been published in 47 languages in over 30 different countries." This was before the Lanny Budd books (eleven volumes, 7,507 pages, more than 3,000,000 words). Author Sinclair, at a leathery 77, says this in no spirit of vain-glory, but in simple wonder that other literary men should have written less. In this wafer-thin volume, Sinclair gives his own explanation for the lesser outputs by writers he has known. The explanation, in a word: DRINK!

The Cup of Fury belongs to a once pop-



Admiral Alan G. Kirk, USN (Ret.), was Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1949 to 1951, Ambassador to Belgium from 1946 to 1949. In World War II he commanded the American Naval Forces in the Normandy invasion. Admiral Kirk is now with Atlas Corporation.

FIVE-YEAR PLANS...OR COMPETITION?

by ADMIRAL ALAN G. KIRK

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ular art form known as the temperance tract. Combined with a literary memoir, it makes one of the oddest and, in its way, most touching books of the season.

Singing of Helicon, Sinclair first offers his credentials as a writing man—from the age of 14 he could not be stopped—and then his *bona fides* as a non-drinking man. Lifetime cumulative score: one sip of champagne at Delmonico's ("I could scarcely tell it from apple juice") and one hooker of whisky after paddling a canoe 40 miles in icy rain (he went out like a light). He also had family trouble with the stuff. His father had a traveling salesman's occupational failing, and Sinclair himself in 1907 was burned out of his cooperative colony, Helicon Hall, in New Jersey, after some of the help smuggled in booze. Result: a fire from which the master escaped in a baldly singed nightshirt.

There is some inverse correlation. Sinclair thinks, between alcoholic intake and literary output. To the end of his days he will be unable, he vows, to understand how a drinking man like O. Henry, who "could not write anything bad," found it "an agony . . . to write at all." The suggestion is that Sinclair does not share the fairly widespread notion that the maladjustment to life which may lead a man to write may also lead him to drink.

In assembling his collection of literary wineskins, he draws on some surprising case histories and shows some unsurprising crackpottery. As detailed by Author Sinclair, they range from the tragic to the ridiculous. Sinclair items: Jack London was a child-prodigy drinker who got stewed at the age of five and went right on from there; Sherwood Anderson perished from having swallowed the toothpick in a cocktail sausage. Other literary victims of the demon rum, according to Sinclair's post-mortem: Stephen Crane, Hart Crane, Sinclair Lewis (wine and beer), Theodore Dreiser (a slug before breakfast), Edna St. Vincent Millay (a flask tipper), and Eugene O'Neill (Beneficence and skinned varnish).

Beyond a Soggy Field, Sinclair ranges beyond the soggy field of letters long enough to reminisce about the Duke of Windsor ("a brandy man") and Eugene V. Debs, who liked whisky as much as he disliked capitalism. But he prefers the glass-clinking company of professional writing folk. Despite H. L. Mencken's taunt that he would "make a drunkard of Sinclair" before Sinclair made a Socialist of him, Sinclair recalls affectionately that there was an odd friendship between the wowser-baiting wit and the civic-minded moralist. Sinclair seemed to suspect that Mencken pretended to believe that whisky and beer were nourishing and beneficial, just to "exasperate" him.

As for Dreiser, the Communists softened him with alcohol, so that he swung from being what close friends called an "anti-Semitic Nazi" to Communist Party membership. The same thing, it is darkly warned, will happen to wine-soaked France. "Liquor works for the Communists in New York and Paris and in Moscow . . . It gave them the H-bomb."



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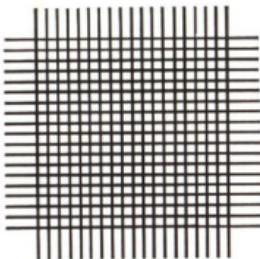
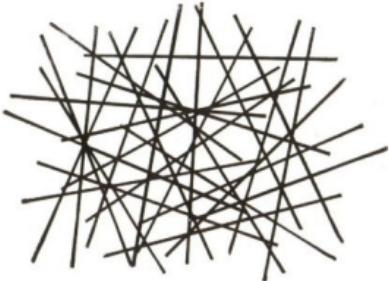
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Sunday Punch. In Port Arthur, Ont., Gordon Keith and William Stapey were arrested for disturbing a religious meeting after they went to The Pentecostal Church, disrupted services by praying too loud.

Sunny Side Up. In Hackensack, N.J., Mrs. Harriett Paula Bisagni got a divorce after testifying that her husband forced her to eat her breakfast on the kitchen floor which he made her scrub with a fingernail brush.

Test Pilot. In São Paulo, Brazil, finally gratifying his long-felt urge to fly, ex-Aircraft Mechanic Olimpio Martines Neto, 27, hopped in a twin-engine DC-3 at the city airport, kept it aloft for three minutes, crash-landed in a crowded suburb, walked from the wreck with nothing more serious than a rip in the seat of his pants.

Testimonial. In Sydney, Australia, Mrs. Jennie Batey asked the court to restrain her husband from hitting her, complained: "He goes mad with drink, says it's like mother's milk to him and as long as they brew it he'll be on his feet drinking it."

Go-Getter. In El Paso, Alderman Bob Kolliner took off after a speeding bus, hailed the driver into court where Kolliner drew a \$25 fine when he sheepishly admitted that he lacked the authority to exceed the speed limit himself.

Voice of the Turtle. In Salt Lake City, stopped for driving his 1935 Mercury over the newly seeded lawns of the University of Utah, 78-year-old Arthur Cartier explained: "I was thinking of a very beautiful lady friend of mine."

Nest Egg. In Lubbock, Texas, Robert Lee was arrested for illegal possession of liquor after agents searched his farm, found bottles hidden in the turkey pen, under a rabbit hutch, in the chicken coop, under a setting hen.

The Happy Time. In Windsor, Ont., onetime Great Lakes Ship Captain Wellington B. Sphears, celebrating his 107th birthday, explained his long life: "I drank plenty of whisky and smoked all the black cigars I wanted. I still do when they'll give them to me."

Space-Grabber. In Hollywood, Clyde Still was arrested after he phoned the cops to say: "I pulled a burglary a few nights ago. How come it wasn't in the papers?"

Maestro. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Patrolman Ed MacNeil spotted four-year-old Aubrey H. Osborne Jr., driving casually along in a model T Ford, watched openmouthed as Aubrey parked perfectly after being signaled to the curb, wrote out a ticket to the boy's father, who protested: "Why, he's been driving for two years now!"

TIME, APRIL 30, 1956



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